

March, 1936

The Liguorian



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AMONGST OURSELVES

Catholic Press Month is over. Many strong things were said during it about the need of a good Catholic Press. Many nice things were said about the past progress and present character of the Catholic Press. But the best things were said by those who support the Catholic Press by subscribing to it, reading it, and interesting others in its advancement. Without the voices of such as these, the Catholic Press would soon die of starvation and anemia.

THE LIGUORIAN is grateful to those who have signified their belief in it as a worth-while publication by sending in a new subscription or two and promptly renewing their own. This encourages us to believe that we may go on with the hope of still further expansion and improvement in the future. Optimism is a natural trait of the Catholic character, and it grasps tightly at every shred of evidence upon which an optimistic outlook may be based.

Some day we should like to make a thorough canvas of the Catholic laity to ascertain with some degree of certainty the motives of people for taking or not taking Catholic publications. The main issue has been so obscured by side-issues that it is most difficult of analysis. The giving away of premiums, the promising of spiritual favors, appeals in the name of holy charity — these things all enter and befog the issue as to whether a Catholic magazine can be published successfully for its reading value alone. And they all leave unsettled that question of perennial interest to editors: How many people actually read their Catholic newspapers and magazines?



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Editor: D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

Associate Editors:

A. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

R. J. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

P. J. ETZIG, C.Ss.R.

M. J. HUBER, C.Ss.R.

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*According to the Spirit of St.
of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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No. 3

THE CALL OF THE DEAD

Near white foam creeping
On coral sands,
Near green palms waving
In sun-bleached lands,
'Mid dark pines drooping
In fields of snow,
Where the sand-clouds drift,
Where the blizzards blow,
We sleep.

Our graves are lonely;
No marble boast
Doth show our sleeping
On bare, wild coast
Where winds come sighing,
But voice ne'er sounds,
'Neath a wooden cross,
In our narrow mounds,
We sleep.

Who are we?
We are the dead of the vanguard,
We roamed the lonely ways
Over the deserts and mountains,
And by bleak Arctic bays.

We are the dead who have toiled long,
And passed through life unknown.
We are the legion who faced death,
Alone with God alone.

Now on our graves at the vanguard
A crimson flame's alight —
Faith's burning torch that we kindled
In gloom of pagan night.

Come o'er the seas to these strange lands!
Kneel in the sand — or snow!
Take up the torch in your brave hands!
Come, for the flame is low!

Philippine Islands 1935.

— D. M. Cummings, C.Ss.R.

FATHER TIM CASEY

THE PRIEST'S PROBLEM

C. D. McEnniry, C.Sa.R.

"**A** FINE showing!" declared Father Frank.

"Very fine indeed," agreed Father Terence.

"Sixty-five thousand converts in one year. Isn't that the number?" queried Father Tim.

"Eighty thousand, if you please. Eighty thousand."

"You are wrong there, Frank. I think it is seventy-four thousand," Father Terence corrected.

"God grant and our Blessed Mother intercede that they may all remain faithful," prayed Father Tim. "And—and—how many did we lose?"

"Ah, Tim, me boy, that's the question," said Father Terence. "No Directory can tell us that."

"Are we living in a fool's paradise, I wonder? Say, Father Tim, that article you lent me the other day gave me a jolt, the like of which I haven't experienced in years. The writer claims and tries to prove that, if all those born of Catholic parents in this country had remained faithful, we should have fifty millions today."—Father Frank's transition from gladness to gloom was instantaneous—"Instead we count a bare twenty million. And how many of these have either lost the faith entirely or at least given up all practice of it!"

"Dies irae, dies illa!" sighed Father Tim. "On that dread day when we must appear before the Great Shepherd and give a strict account of every strayed sheep, will He brand us as hirelings?"

"No fear for you, Tim, however," Father Terence assured him. "Why, man dear, you have the best organized parish in the diocese."

"And the order in your church—and the efficiency of your ushers," said Father Frank.

"And the punctuality of your services. A body could set his watch by them, so he could," declared the admiring Father Terence. "Why, on my little 'back forty', if I can get the Confessions heard and the

servers herded together and the grumblers shooed out of the sacristy and start my little Mass within fifteen minutes of the time announced — I put a nick in the cuppel, begor."

"And look at this annual report. Con — Confessions, 135,000. Oh, I beg your pardon. It is dollars — not Confessions, — \$135,000, debt." The ringing of enthusiasm died out of Father Frank's voice. A moment later he came back bravely. "Here — here it is: Confessions, 15,450; Communion, 52,160. Of course, Tim, you have the monks to help you in the box and at the Sunday Masses, but it is a marvellous showing just the same. Think of it — 15,450 Confessions and 52,160 Communion in a parish the size of St. Mary's! And there's your financial report. Listen to this — half the big debt paid off already, the balance refinanced at a lower rate of interest! Ordinary receipts —"

"Oh, stop it! Stop it, I say! You pair of accusing angels! You Job's comforters! Organization — efficiency — punctuality — numbers — figures — finance! Did the Lord Christ die for these? Are you trying to give me a foretaste of that dread day on which I must appear before my Judge with nothing to my credit but an 'annual report'? He will say: 'Peter, listen to this: Confessions, 15,450; Communion, 52,160; Services on the dot; Debt reduced to \$135,000 at 4%. . . . When I was Pastor down in Palestine, I never began or ended a sermon on time; I never built nor paid for any 'Parish Plant'; I neglected to keep a written record of how many people came to listen to me. Put down Timothy Casey as more efficient than the Lord God himself — as a *business man*. Now we shall proceed to judge Timothy Casey, the *priest*.'"

"Look here, Father Tim," Father Frank expostulated, "are you trying to tear down all you have so laboriously built up? When I was put in charge of a parish, weren't you the first to urge me to be always punctual and orderly and methodical and economical and all that? I took you and your management of St. Mary's as my model. And now, just as I am beginning to flatter myself that I am succeeding in following your advice, you come along and say that God Himself will condemn me for it."

"Frank, my boy, I said nothing of the kind. You and I have city parishes. City people are living in a machine age. We, who minister to them, must fit our ministry, as far as may be, into the machine. We must keep a watchful eye on the clock and the census cards and the bank

book. When we have done all that, we have but done our simple duty as man to man, we have not yet begun our duty as pastor to flock. Lucky old Father Terence here has a peaceful little easy-going country parish — ”

“And, God forgive him, a habit of ingrown laziness,” interrupted the aforesaid Father Terence.

“He,” continued Father Tim, “can be late if he wants to. The farmers are content to continue talking crops and politics until he rings the bell for them to come in. You and I must preach and *practise* punctuality. But punctuality will save neither our souls nor the souls of our people.”

“At any rate,” persisted Father Frank, “it is the punctuality you preach and practise which makes possible that marvellous children’s Mass where all recite the Mass prayers in unison — ”

“And probably have no idea either of what they are saying or of the Divine Drama enacted on the altar,” interrupted Father Tim.

“And such order,” persisted Father Frank.

“Not because they realize God’s eye, but the more material eye of Sister Majella, is upon them,” continued Father Tim.

“And the well-planned graded lessons in Sunday School,” said Father Frank.

“While the poor neglected foreign children, who need these lessons most, are absent,” returned Father Tim.

“And the number of children you have for daily Communion.”

“Numbers! Numbers! Will you keep away from numbers! The great God is not going to employ an adding machine to take an account of our stewardship. Where, I ask you, are those devout daily Communicants during summer vacation? Motoring and picknicking and bathing — maybe not even hearing Mass on Sundays, let alone receiving daily Communion.”

“Yes,” Father Frank admitted, “that is a problem. How I have worried over it myself. How to get the children to keep up their fervor during the vacations. It is the fault of the parents.”

“Yes — and the fault of the parents is the fault of us pastors who trained them. For it is a question of getting the children to keep up their fervor — if it is fervor — not only during vacation, but still more, after graduation, when they grow up to be men and women and have families of their own. The leakage in the Church in America today is

appalling. It will be worse in the future. And, God help me, my own parish contributes its share to the defections. I have been saddened and overwhelmed by the examples I've heard of recently, and, no doubt, I don't know the half of them."

"But what is to be done about it?" sighed Father Frank.

"Yes, what is to be done about it?" echoed Father Tim.

"We might try to make the homes more Catholic," said Father Frank. "Catholic reading — Catholic books and newspapers — Catholic home devotions — Catholic 'furniture,' pictures, crucifixes, etc., that would help to create an atmosphere of faith in the home. The little we can do in the church and the school is soon dissipated in a worldly home."

"We might try preaching better sermons," said Father Tim. "Teach our people that Catholicity is something they must live as well as profess — teach them it is something more than giving lip service to the Almighty Creator during one hour on Sunday morning once a week — teach them a Christian is no longer — can no longer be — a child of this world. He is God's child, adopted, sanctified, raised to unimaginable heights by the divine action of sanctifying grace. He is a member of Christ's own mystical Body. If he is a Christian, Christ must be his life. His thoughts, desires, ideals, strivings, activities must be no longer his own but Christ's. He lives, yes, but it is no longer himself, the creature of earth, earthly, that lives, it is Christ that lives in him."

"Exactly! You've hit the nail on the head," cried Father Frank. "What we need in our parishes is more faith, deep, solid, practical, understanding faith."

"Yes, and what we need in our parishes is more sanctity," said Father Tim. "Gladly would I exchange all my so-called efficiency and organization for Father Terence's 'saint'."

"None of that, now! None of that, Tim! Don't be casting covetous glances on Peter the Cripple, otherwise I'll not take you to visit him the next time you come."

"It is eight years he has lain there helpless, isn't it, Father Terence? Days and nights of agony — his one sole comfort the Bread of the Strong, which you daily bring him. I have had the privilege of assisting. I question whether any living mortal ever got nearer to the Beatific Vision than Peter the Cripple during those precious moments after Holy Communion. Neighbors used to ask how a just God could permit

such misfortunes to befall an honest, God-fearing Christian like Peter. They ask that question no more — they don't dare to. The quasi-sacramental fires of patient suffering have so purified him, have so thoroughly burned away all the dross of earth from his soul, so identified him with his Crucified God, that nothing short of a miracle holds him here to bless and bring down graces on this sinful world. Yes, that is what will stop the leakage in the Church of America — saints."

"You're right, there, Tim," Father Frank agreed, "What we need are saints. Go back through history. What energy and wealth expended to build and embellish and endow some great cathedral or abbey or university — the best genius the world could produce — the labor of thousands of skilled workmen — through twenty, fifty, a hundred years and more. All to erect a 'plant' which would bring men nearer to God. And where are those buildings today? Many of them turned into Protestant churches or museums or soldiers' barracks — confiscated and profaned by anticlerical governments. On the other hand, what do we see? A little girl at Lisieux, for example, spends a dozen years making a saint of herself, and she thereby contributes something which brings hundreds of millions of her fellowmen nearer to God, something all the Masonic governments in the world can never destroy or appropriate. We boast of our efficiency, of our skill in getting results. And how we squander time and energy. That little French nun, hidden away in an old unsanitary convent, dying of tuberculosis, got more results in a day than we get in a century."

"And again," said Father Tim, "a poor country priest in the poverty-stricken 'plant' of Ars — he plans no buildings, consults no bankers, organizes no societies, but he does make a saint of himself. And the world has beaten a pathway to his door."

"There sits Father Terence, silent as that 'old owl that lived in an oak, and the more heard, the less he spoke.' He lets us rave on and says nothing. Look here, you have to add your contribution to this symposium. You see the leakage in the Church. You know as well as we do that souls are being lost to the faith by hundreds of thousands. What are we going to do about it?"

"We might — we might — 'tis a difficult problem for an old man like me. I would say we might recite our breviary a little better and put a little more fervor into the meditation we make of a mornin' preparatory to saying holy Mass," said Father Terence.

Out of the Darkness

A Convert from Judaism tells the story of her conversion. The writer, now a Sister of Mercy, prefers to remain anonymous.

STORIES of conversion are not, thank God, rare. Every year the Church opens her portals to thousands of groping souls. Every year thousands of eager hearts respond to that loving invitation, and become children of Mother Church. Not so numerous among those responses, however, are Jewish converts. To one whose early years are spent as a member of an Orthodox Jewish family, the step is a long one, the way is not easy, the light dawns slowly.

My parents were Orthodox Jews and brought up my brother, my two sisters, and myself in strict adherence to the tenets of Judaism. My mother was one of those rare souls strictly Orthodox in Faith, but really Catholic at heart. I firmly believe that she never grievously offended God. My father was a strong adherent to the religion of his fathers, and a firm believer in bringing up his children according to its principles.

I was born in Russia and came to America with my parents when I was nine years old. At the age of seventeen I became restless, dissatisfied with the faith that my father and mother inculcated. To me their God was a God to be feared, not to be loved, — a God whose word was law, but not consolation. I wanted a God of mercy, a God of love, a God with whom I could have personal contact. My faith offered only a God afar off, a God of justice. With the ardor of early girlhood, I looked for a personal God, One whose presence would be never failing, not a Jehovah far away from His subjects. My soul was troubled, unhappy; I knew not where to turn. To put my doubts before my family was unheard of; they would have been deeply hurt at my apparent desertion.

I had caught little glimpses of the Faith from a Catholic companion whose home was near mine. This girl, about my own age, seemed to

possess a peace, an assurance that I almost envied. Her faith was a living thing which permeated her every action. Was her religion the true one or was mine? Both could not be correct. If the Messiah had come, the Catholic Church was right; if He had not come, the Jewish belief was the true one. Never did I doubt the existence of God. Never did I lean toward any Protestant sect. My problem was (as I believe, the problem of many a Jewish person is), the Divinity of Christ.

At this time I clung with a great tenacity to the faith of my fathers, and I convinced myself that the reason for my doubt was my insufficient knowledge of Judaism. I had not studied the Jewish religion, I told myself; I had inherited it. I felt that I was not familiar enough with the truth of its teachings. Determined to convince myself that the Jewish belief was the true one, I began a thorough study of eminent Jewish writers and theologians. I spent every free moment in study. I read the Life of Christ by a renowned rabbi, faithfully going through the eight volumes of the set. This writer's conclusion as well as that of other authors, was that Christ was a great man, a historical figure of renown, a noble character, but not Divine. That seemed inconsistent to me. How could Christ be a noble character, a great man, and at the same time an imposter, and that He was if He were not God, because He proclaimed Himself to be the Son of God. My struggles were not over. I was not convinced.

At this time I confided, to some extent, in the Catholic companion of whom I spoke and whose happiness in her religion had attracted me. She suggested that it was unfair to study only one side of the question, and asked me to read *The Life of Christ* by Reverend Walter Elliott, C.S.P. After some hesitation, I agreed, but still with the hope that I would prove to myself that my attraction for Catholicism, for the divinely human and the humanly divine Christ was a mistake. I knew, too, with what difficulty I would do this reading, for it needs must be done secretly. My father would never have permitted the book in his home had he known.

With this attitude I began to read. How shall I describe my reaction? The charm, the beauty, the kindness, the sacrificial character of the Man-God drew me, and held me spellbound. Here was the personal God for whom my heart longed. Here was the God whom I might imitate. I read of His coming, His birth on Bethlehem's hill-

side, His boyhood at Nazareth, His public life, and His goodness to sinners. Beyond a doubt these pages proclaimed Him the Messiah! But it must not be! Deep in my heart and handed down from centuries was the denial of that very fact. My people must be right! I began to reproach myself for my disloyalty, and I literally threw the book from me with a prayer, "O God, show me that the Catholic Church is false, and teach me to find the satisfaction of my desires in the Faith of my Fathers." My agonizing soul battled on. This struggle lasted for over a year. I returned to my study of the Jewish religion. I prayed that this faith might be the true one. Never among all the trials that God has since sent me have I suffered as I did through those months of agonizing doubt. On the one hand I felt the persistent desire to be faithful to my own creed; on the other was the ever-present picture of our Lord inviting my hungry soul to come to the fountain head of grace. Truly I was one who "labored and was heavily burdened," but I could not yet accept the comfort which He offered. Oh, if only I could be sure that Christ was divine! That, and that only, was the obstacle to my conversion. I hear people speak of the difficulty of belief in the Holy Eucharist, the Sacrament of Penance, of the Infallibility of the Pope. To me, these obstacles would be immediately removed if the Divinity of Christ were assured. How could one doubt His teachings if one believes Him to be God? I had only one problem, but, Oh, that problem, that doubt caused me more anguish than I care to recall even now.

My friend gave me a copy of a prayer which she asked me to recite daily in order that God might give me light. There being no appearance of Catholicity in it, I consented. I did not realize that I was addressing my plea to the Holy Ghost, the third Person of the Blessed Trinity. I offer this prayer as a consolation to other souls who may be undergoing a similar trial:

"O Holy Spirit, take me for Thy disciple; guide me; illuminate me; sanctify me. Bind my hands that they may do no evil. Cover my eyes, that they may see it no more. Sanctify my heart that evil may not dwell within me. Be Thou my God. Be Thou my Guide. Whithersoever Thou leadest me, I will go. Whatsoever Thou forbiddest me, I will renounce, and whatsoever Thou commandest me, in Thy strength, I will do. Lead me, then, O Lord, into the fullness of Thy truth."

God heard this prayer, and in His own good time He answered it.

My position became more difficult. To participate in the outward ceremonies of the Jewish religion when my soul no longer approved, seemed deceitful; to address the God of the Christians appeared rank disloyalty to my faith and my people. No one who has been brought up in the Catholic faith can ever realize the struggle. Only a convert who has passed through the doubts and surmounted the obstacles that most converts must face, can appreciate what a turmoil I passed through. If only I had had a guide! But a Jewish girl of eighteen living in a small town, in a family whose Orthodox trends were well known, had little opportunity to seek advice and guidance.

Sometimes when I look back, I wonder that I did not give up the struggle and drift along as so many young Jewish people do in America. I seem to find my answer in that beautiful poem of Francis Thompson's, *The Hound of Heaven*, for though "I fled Him down the days and down the nights . . . Down the labyrinthine ways of my own mind," He "followed, followed after."

I believe that God does not permit us to struggle forever. Sometime we come face to face with life and we must choose "the highway or the low way." When the waters of doubt seemed about to surge over me, there came a great calm. One day I resumed the reading of Father Elliot's *Life of Christ*, this time not in a critical mood, but open to conviction if God so willed. Before me developed that memorable picture; again I read through the beautiful description of His Nativity, the colorful days of His miracles of goodness, the touching scenes of His Passion. My sufferings became sweet and bearable. My doubts grew dim; faith began to blossom like an opening rose and to envelop my whole existence. I had found Him whom I sought and I then learned the truth of Francis Thompson's closing words:

"Thou dravest love from Thee, who dravest Me."

I cannot write of the peace, the happiness that filled my soul. My heart sang out: Truly He is Christ and truly He is God! I found Him for whom I longed, and, cost what it may, I would follow Him; and I well knew what it would cost! I loved my family with a deep and passionate love. My mother was, to me, a saint. My father was one of the most tender and yet one of the staunchest men I have ever met. My brother was the idol of the household, while my two sisters, one

older and one younger than I, were my closest companions. Our nationality had made us withdraw somewhat from outside contacts, with the result that the family bond was a very close one. To become a Christian, a Catholic, meant absolute ostracism from the family circle. I knew this perfectly well, but I could not falter now that the light had been given me.

My duty became very distinct. I must be instructed. At home this was little short of impossible. I decided, at last, to confide in my older sister, when, to my surprise and happiness, I found that she too, had decided to enter the Church. She told me that she had expressed her desire to my mother and that the shock to the dear one was so great that she deemed it best to say nothing about my intention for the present. We began to plan as to how we might begin our instructions without worrying those so dear to us.

God had opened the way for me. He did not abandon his newly found sheep. I had always wanted to be a nurse. I now suggested that I enter a training school in a nearby city. I felt that away from home I could begin my instructions under proper guidance. My father and mother agreed to my going on condition that I enter a training school which was conducted under Jewish auspices. I did so, realizing that my free time would permit me to seek the instruction I desired.

The hand of God can be traced throughout my life from this time on. My mother, knowing my sister's desire to become a Catholic and feeling that someone in our little town must have influenced her, permitted her to join me in the city. My mother felt that I was a true adherent to the Jewish faith. This confidence in me hurt me because I knew that some day I would so disappoint that loving heart. I feel that one of the greatest trials God put upon me throughout the history of my conversion was the sorrow I had to cause those to whom I owe my very life.

Shortly after my arrival in M—— I placed myself under the guidance of a Capuchin priest. At my first visit, I confess, I was somewhat ill at ease and self-conscious, but soon my fears disappeared. Here was a true man of God! Here was a man truly Christ-like in his understanding and kindness.

As far as doubt or hesitation be concerned, it no longer existed for me. My sister and I continued our instruction together, but our director would not permit us to be baptized for a year, as he wished us to under-

stand well the Catholic doctrine and to be sure of ourselves before we took the step. Finally, on August 3, 1917, we made our profession of faith and were received into the Church of Christ, — two grateful souls, happy in their response to the invitation to "follow Him." My continual prayer is for the Jewish people, that God may call into the true fold those thousands whose ancestors, for so many centuries before the coming of Christ, kept their faith in God while all about them pagan worship ran riot.

After our baptism, we spent three days in retreat, and then on Sunday morning, on the feast of "Our Lady of the Snow," at a little shrine dedicated to our Blessed Mother, we received for the first time the Body and Blood of Christ. Words cannot express our happiness as we knelt within the sanctuary, for such was our privilege, on that happy morning. That day we both made an irrevocable offering of our hearts to God, who since has deigned to accept our poor oblation. Even as I write, I can remember how I looked forward each day to my Mass and Holy Communion. No one but a convert can grasp adequately what it means to have been without the Sacraments, and then to have them. The contrast is far greater than that of a ship at the mercy of the wind and waves, anchorless and rudderless, and one with all sails set, following unswervingly the chartered course, knowing with certainty that she will reach her port in safety.

A year after our baptism, I knew that I would never be satisfied to remain in the outer circle of Christ's followers. I longed to give my life to Him in Religion. By a special providence of God, I met the Sisters of Mercy and was much attracted by their humility, simplicity, joyousness, and devotion to Christ in the persons of His sick and poor. I visited their Convent and in time expressed my desire to be one of their number. This happy privilege was accorded to me and I began my postulancy. Truly this Convent was, for me, the vestibule of heaven. The days passed quickly and it came time for reception of the holy habit. Up to this time, my family thought that I was still in the hospital training school; it now became necessary to tell them of my decision.

I knew full well that this trial would almost break their hearts. Doubly hard it was for them because my sister too, had entered the Convent and was to be received with me. My father, I knew, would consider this act of ours the greatest disgrace that could fall upon

a Jewish family. I wrote to my brother who was by this time a practising physician in the city of N——, and asked him to be with my mother when she received my letter. He wrote back a pleading letter begging us to be faithful to the Jewish religion, at least until my mother was in better health. He told us that such a step on our part might prove fatal to her. My trust in God's goodness and His watchful care over those I had left, gave me the courage not to falter. But the struggle was intense. I shall never forget the night before our reception. On the one hand, I knew my mother's health was failing and that my father's heart would be broken by our action; on the other, I felt that God was calling me to serve Him and perhaps to be instrumental in saving many souls. He gave me the necessary strength and I left all for Him, "Whom I have seen, Whom I have loved, in Whom I have believed, and toward whom my heart inclineth." (From the ceremony of Religious profession, Sisters of Mercy).

The years passed, busy years spent in the Master's vineyard, and the great day of profession came at last. In the light of faith, no cross seemed unbearable. Estrangement from my family was very hard; my mother's death, which took place without our even being informed of it by those near to us, was a great cross. Even this, though, God gave me the strength to bear with an inexplainable assurance in His goodness, that her dear soul was safe with Him. I know that such a soul as hers has its place with God, and that some day those loving arms will receive us once more, as they so often did when we were her little ones. God gave us the happiness, too, after seventeen years of estrangement, of being reconciled to our father, who in his last illness welcomed us to his bedside.

Sometimes I have been asked whether I have ever regretted taking the step which has led me to the Catholic Church, to the Religious life. In all sincerity I can, and do answer, "No, a thousand times, No!" My life has been a happy one, despite the crosses which God has sent. My offering has been a worth while one, surely for my own soul's sake, and I pray that it may be a means of some little strength and encouragement to others who may be struggling toward the light.



There are three ways of willing: willing *at no cost*; willing *at all costs*; willing *because it costs*. This third way of willing is for the big-minded and big-hearted. — *Pere de Ravignan*.

Three Minute Instruction

ON THE VIRTUE OF PENANCE

Lent imposes upon Christians many special forms of self-denial, and suggests that they undertake others that are voluntary. However these things are unprofitable unless they are accepted and made use of out of a "spirit of penance," i.e. unless they are the actions by which the virtue of penance shows itself to be present in the soul. We should know that there is such a virtue, which should be as real a part of our moral make-up as faith and love.

1. Penance is the virtue by which a person grieves over every sin ever committed because it has offended God, and eagerly seeks means to make amends for it. It is a special kind of justice. Justice preserves the proper relations between persons, and tries to restore those relations when they are broken. The virtue of penance leads us to grieve that we have broken the relation that should exist between us and God, and seeks to restore it by accepting and seeking punishment.

2. The virtue of penance must not be confused with the feeling of shame that comes over one when he thinks about his sins. All normal people feel this shame, because all normal people realize that all sins, even small sins, have degraded them—have lessened their dignity as human beings. This shame is not the virtue of penance until the will grieves not only because the sins have been degrading, but because they have offended God—and then seeks to make amends.

3. The virtue of penance, like all virtues, is not to be something temporary and passing. It is to remain in the soul like faith and charity. It is constantly to be seeking means of expressing sorrow and making amends for past sins. In all the saints we see this constant activity of the virtue of penance. Most of their prayers included expressions of sorrow for sin and eagerness for suffering as a means of atonement.

4. During Lent, therefore, the Church is only trying to develop the virtue of penance in all her children. As even "the just man falls seven times a day"—so all have reason for cultivating this virtue. Like other virtues, penance grows by exercise, by repeated actions. So during Lent, we are aroused to grieve over our sins by contemplating the Passion of our Saviour, and to punish ourselves for them by fasting and self-denial.

The virtue of penance needs to be fostered especially today, when so many deny the rights of God over His creatures, and by their example lead even Christians to think lightly of sin. The words of St. Alphonsus, repeated at each Station on the Way of the Cross, should be made to give frequent expression to our spirit of penance: "My Jesus, I am sorry for having offended Thee. Never permit me to offend Thee again. Grant that I may love Thee; and then do with me what Thou wilt."

The Legion of Mary

Definition and object of the Legion; its history and organization. The Legion at work.

A MODERN APOSTOLATE

T. A. Murphy, C.Ss.R.

POPE PIUS XI has defined Catholic Action as "the participation of the laity with the Apostolic Hierarchy." This definition describes exactly the work of the Legion of Mary. It is an organization by which lay people collaborate with the Hierarchy of the Church in the work of the salvation of souls. Furthermore, every time the Holy Father spoke, elucidating and explaining Catholic Action, the more clear it became that the Legion corresponded to his ideals. It is not surprising then that when the Holy Father became acquainted with the working of this new organization he said: "We give a very special blessing to this beautiful and holy work — the Legion of Mary. Its name speaks for itself. The image of Mary Immaculate on its Standard portrays high and holy things. . . . I pray that you may exercise still more earnestly that apostolate of prayer and work to which you have set your hands. So doing, God will make you too co-operators in the Redemption. This is the best of all ways in which to show your gratitude to the Redeemer."

The object of the Legion is the personal sanctification of its members and the salvation of souls by leading them to Jesus through devotion to His Blessed Mother, the Mediatrix of all graces. In the Legion all work is for Our Lady and through her for Jesus. She is the center of all spiritual activity, the legionary believing that we come to know her Divine Son better and to love Him more, through Mary. She is His most perfect imitator and the surest way to His Sacred Heart. "Operating in union with Mary we approach God more effectively and hence win grace more freely. Indeed we place ourselves in the very flood-tide of grace, for she is the channel of every grace which Jesus Christ has won" (Legion Manual, p. 9).

HISTORY AND ORGANIZATION

The Legion came into being the year before Pius XI, the Pope of Catholic Action, ascended the Papal throne. On the 7th of September, 1921 (the vespers of the feast of Our Lady's Nativity, as it was afterwards recalled), a small group of Irish Catholics assembled at Myra House, a centre of St. Vincent de Paul activity, in Francis street, Dublin. Their object was to form a society for the purpose of visiting the sick poor of the large Dublin Union Hospital. The girl who arranged the room for the meeting put a statue of Our Lady, of the miraculous medal design, on the presiding member's table and lit two candles near it and set it off with a bouquet of flowers. Prayers were said and the details of the work were arranged. Thus humbly began a work which was destined to grow world-wide.

At first the Legion was restricted to women members, but it soon became evident that it was equally suited to men. The nomenclature and system of organization take us back to the old Roman Empire. A local branch is called a *Praesidium* (a detachment of legionaries on some special duty); a central council is styled *Concilium Legionis*; a district council is *Curia Legionis*, and a regional is *Senatus Legionis*. The ranks of the Legion are open to all Catholics who lead edifying lives — are animated by the spirit of the Legion — and are prepared to fulfil every duty which membership entails. Candidates under eighteen years of age are received into Junior *Praesidia*. Members may be grouped into Men's, Women's, Boys', Girls' or Mixed *Praesidia*, as the need suggests and the *Curia* approves. Besides active members of the Legion there are Auxiliary Legionaries, that is to say, members who cannot undertake the active apostolate, but who promise to say every day the special prayers of the Legion; and the "Laureate" degree of membership conferred on non-members who have rendered eminent services to the Legion, and these will then share in all the prayers, works and privileges of the Legion.

The *Praesidium* meets once a week "in an asmosphere made supernatural by its wealth of prayers, by its devotional usages, and by its spirit of fraternity." (Manual) The members sit round a table on which is erected a little altar of Our Lady, like that which was erected on the night of the first meeting in Dublin — the statue of Our Lady of Grace, two lighted candles, flowers and, also, the *Vexillum*, or standard, of the Legion. Prayers are said and there is some spiritual reading, fol-

lowed by the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting. Then each member gives an account of his apostolate, and to these individual reports of work done there is naturally attached great importance. Failure to supply an account of a task done, or attempted, would be considered remissness in the performance of legionary duty. The reports are followed by a talk, or commentary on the rules, given by the director or, in his absence, by the President or a member appointed by him. During the meeting there is a secret collection, each one contributing according to his means, to the up-keep of the organization. This is the only collection made by legionaries for any purpose. Their work is purely spiritual and they take no part in supplying material wants. The *Praesidium* meeting must not last longer than an hour and a half, and of course may not last so long. At every meeting the *Catena Legionis* is recited, that is, the Magnificat and the prayer of the Mass of Our Lady Mediatrix of all Graces.

It will be remarked that in the whole work of the Legion the spiritual is ever kept frankly in the forefront, and the members are not allowed to forget that their own personal sanctification is one of the chief objects of the organization.

In every *Praesidium* there are four officers: President, Vice-President, Treasurer and Secretary. Everything that is revealed with regard to the apostolate, at the meetings, is regarded as under the seal of secrecy, and no legionary is permitted to discuss Legion affairs with those who are not members. In this manner confidence is not abused and the local Priest need have no fear that trouble will arise from idle gossip. Many a zealous Priest has returned thanks to God when he has seen the Legion at work in his parish.

THE LEGION AT WORK

The Legion which was originally begun to assist the poor in a Dublin hospital, has now become world-wide, multiplying its activities in cities and country places, in the homeland and on foreign missions. Its objects and methods will perhaps be more easily understood when it is seen at work. Some instances, then, of what it is doing may here be related. The first is from a report at a meeting of a Dublin *Praesidium* (there are over a hundred *Praesidia* now in Dublin): "Through the medium of the work of Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in the homes we have discovered many cases of spiritual neglect. During the year thirty-five have returned to the practice of their religion after absences of from

one to twenty years. The work done by this *Praesidium* is mainly Enthronement of the Sacred Heart in the homes, and visitation of the Eye and Ear Hospital, and of the *Regina Coeli* Hostel (founded by the Legion). At the approach of the principal feasts of Our Lady a novena is made by all the members, concluding by a Mass in her honour offered by our Spiritual Director. The close of these novenas has been almost invariably marked by a miracle of grace for one or other of our 'hopeless' cases."

From a report of work in a small town — Dingle, with a population of only 1,790 — the following items are taken: The Legionaries visited the local hospital and helped poor patients. They visited the sick poor in their homes and helped to brighten their lives by acts of kindness. Other members of the Legion worked for the distribution of Catholic literature, selling some 120 papers every week. A club for girls was organized and in this club some 30 girls foregather every night to amuse themselves or do some useful work. They dance, sing, play cards, knit and sew and conclude, at ten o'clock, with prayer in common. "Our streets at night are now more edifying than formerly; in fact they are nearly deserted." The number of homes consecrated to the Sacred Heart was increased by 124, and Consecration leaflets and Daily Mass leaflets were distributed in large numbers. The maids of the town are reminded of their monthly Confraternity meetings and girls studying at the Convent schools and boarding in the town are supervised and helped. A country church in the neighborhood was visited on several occasions and was swept and scrubbed and had its brasses polished. The Director of the *Praesidium* seems to have done his work well. He succeeded "in bringing home to us the fact that self-sanctification is the main object of the Legion, and is necessary, as well, in order to attain success in our mission to others."

A few instances of legionary work in foreign lands will show that it is as useful there as it is in the homelands. From Caguas, a West Indian city of 47,000 souls, Father Goetten, C.Ss.R., writes: "The Legion is the best thing out, and I look forward to the meetings with pleasure. It has done wonders in the little time already established and will do even more in the future. Our Legionaries are active and enthusiastic workers:

- a) Homes visited, 532, about 3,000 souls.
- b) Marriages effected 12; Baptisms, 119.

- c) Conversions, 7. Returns to the Sacraments, 37..
- d) First Communions, 138 (children, 70; adults, 68).
- e) Catechists secured, 5.

"Just one other item. Three of our girls have established themselves in a distant part of the town as a sort of lay-missionary society. They teach catechism, say the rosary and visit the people there. . . . The priest who formerly passed there heard nothing but insults. Now as many as a hundred adults gather there at night for the Rosary and Instruction; and the children are brought here for Mass on Sundays. On the Feast of Our Lady of Carmel I said Mass there for the first time, and we had 68 Holy Communions — 30 were first Communions."

From the parish of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Brooklyn, N. Y., comes the following report: "The band of 20 lay persons who compose this *Praesidium* of the Legion has brought back 56 persons to confession — 12 had been away for years — brought 45 to Sunday Mass, brought 5 for Baptism, brought 11 for first Communion, brought 3 converts for instruction, and was instrumental in having 3 marriages rectified.

It would be easy to quote instances of the Legion's wonderful success in Paton, New Mexico, in St. Louis, Missouri, in Los Angeles, California, in Madras, India, in Johannesburg in South Africa and even among the Indians of North West Canada, but enough has been said to show the Legion's scope and influence.

THE CRUSADE FOR GOOD LITERATURE

In several of the reports sent in to the Dublin Headquarters of the Legion — De Montfort House, North Brunswick Street — mention is made of the work that is being done for the spread of good literature. In answer to a query as to what is being done in Dublin in this particular respect, the Secretary of the Legion sent the following courteous and instructive reply:

"The Legion has erected a book-stall in Bray, near the Promenade. It stocks C. T. S. and other publications and is in charge of Legionaries. It is open each evening during the summer months from 7 p.m. to 10 p.m., and on Saturday and Sunday afternoons from 4 o'clock. The mere selling of literature is not the only object in view. Every effort is made to effect contact with the purchasers of literature — to get into conversation with folk. In this way it is possible to get into contact with non-Catholics who are interested in the Catholic Faith, and, also, lapsed

or non-practicing Catholics. When these are met with every effort is made to follow up the 'case' and bring matters to a happy conclusion.

"Recently we started a new work. One of our Brothers designed and built a movable "book-barrow" suitable for selling literature on the streets. It is so constructed that it offers a large display of C. T. S. and other publications. Nightly it takes its stand at the corner of Cathedral Street (leading into O'Connell Street) from 7:30 to 10:30 p.m. Here again contact with the purchasers of books is ever kept in mind. Three Brother Legionaries are in charge each night. The "book-barrow" at the time of writing is just a month on the street, and we have sold 1,300 books. Also, we have enrolled 170 Auxiliary members of the Legion, and gained six active members. Further, some lax Catholics were induced to return to the Sacraments. The work is now in charge of a special men's *Praesidium* which gives it full attention, follows up contacts made, and keeps in touch with the Auxiliary members enrolled. This work has been most successful and has immense possibilities. The Legion standard over the barrow attracts much attention. . . . Our policy is not to display any books which would give people the impression that we were out "in opposition" to any particular section or party. That would not avail us in making friendly contact with lapsed Catholics, Communists, etc. We want to draw these people to the stall and have a friendly chat with them. I may mention that we find the following books the "best sellers":

- 1) Books dealing with the Social Question, especially the Papal Encyclicals.
- 2) Books dealing with marriage; again the Papal Encyclical has a good sale.
- 3) Lives of modern Saints and holy persons — Saints John Fisher, Thomas More, John Baptist Vianney, "The Little Flower."
- 4) Devotional books.
- 5) Books dealing with Catholic Faith, or some particular doctrine of the Faith, the Sacraments, Mass, Prayer, Confession, etc."

"I was dead against the Legion," said a Priest to the writer recently, "until I knew what it was. Now I am very keenly in favour of it. If the sketch here given helps American readers to know the Legion — to understand its objects and ideals and methods — then indeed it will have fulfilled a useful purpose.

Man With Secret

The greatest stories are enacted in the inner chambers of men's souls. In daily life we do not see them - we see only the cloak - the exterior - that hides the drama within. Here, however, is one revealed.

D. F. Miller, C.Ss.R.

UNMINDFUL of the wind that whipped his face and swirled about his body, the man plodded on. The sidewalks were piling up with drifted snow, but he disdained to avoid the drifts or slacken his pace. . . . His lips were closed tightly as upon some word that sought escape and his eyes were dull and lifeless. . . . He was a man past middle age—a little stooped at the shoulders, a trifle shabby . . . and for all the regularity of his steps—evidently very weary. . . .

Emotion had quickened his steps, but it had intensified his weariness. It was the emotion of sudden hopelessness that had descended upon him. It was a cruel kind of despair, that had waited till the years had built up hope into a strong, glowing thing . . . hope that had walked with him like a companion, spoken to him in his weary and lonely moments, shone like a light before his dull, grey eyes when darkness threatened. . . . Now the hope was gone. The voice was stilled. The light was utterly extinguished.

He had the evidence in his pocket. It was only a letter that he carried—a registered letter addressed to a stranger. . . . But it was evidence enough. It was evidence that his son—a man now, a strong, stalwart young man, such as he had pictured in the dreams of the boy's babyhood—was a criminal. He had taken part in the mail robbery that had flooded the newspapers yesterday. . . . The criminals had escaped, said the papers. But he, the father of one of them, had stumbled across the evidence that his son was among them. . . . Of all this great, snow-bound city, he alone possessed this damning secret—a secret that crushed a father because it damned his boy.

He was not a philosopher nor a moralist, and so no reasoning, no

analyzing came to his aid. He had lived so long by his imagination, that only images came, not to soothe but to agonize him now. How long, long ago he had come to this country when his boy was a baby. This was the land of opportunity and equality and advancement. . . . In the old country one lived at a certain level and remained there, with one's children and children's children. But here, any man could become great, wealthy, honored. . . . Had not others of his countrymen done so?

So he had dreamed of it, not for himself, but for his boy. Himself — he was content to be an ordinary laborer like millions of others; he was content to be plain and unnoticed. Himself — he had been already too old to be educated to new ways and a higher order. . . . But for the boy — no ambition had been too high to be centered in him. . . . These great American schools, massive piles of finely shaped brick and stone; these American universities, spread out like great cities as though they contained all the wealth and all the learning in the world, were at the command of his boy. They would take him and make him great, — a leader — a strong, good man whom people would serve and love. . . .

His hand wandered inside his coat and touched the letter he carried there. . . . No, the dream was ended. His son was a criminal . . . a social outcast. . . . He groaned, and the wind seemed to catch the smothered sound that escaped his throat and to raise it to a howl flung through the streets. . . . But no, this must be a dream. . . . Were not those graduation days real? . . . He saw them . . . there was no snow, no shrill wind. . . . It was June. . . . How out of place but how happy he had felt wandering about the luxurious lawns and amid the profuse flowers of the University grounds! True, he had not seen much of his son that day, but he did see him on the stage, seated among the sons of millionaires and artists and great leaders . . . receiving the same kind of diploma they received — ah, that had paid him for all the saving and pinching he had done for the boy. . . . And now it was all changed into a gnawing, twisting, burning anguish in his breast, and the hopes that had been fostered were wiped out at a stroke. . . . Now there was nothing to live for. . . . Now the future was black. . . . Now the pain alone was his — pain of deciding what to do with the letter, with the boy, with the authorities, with himself, a lonely, cheated, disillusioned old man. . . .

He arrived at the school where he had worked as janitor for over 20 years. He had worked here when it was only a bare wooden structure with dark, warped-wood corridors and dingy classrooms. . . . He had seen the new school rise up, to his eyes like a great monument to the opportunities of America. . . . For 20 years he had worked here, and had never kept so much as a penny that had been left lying on the floor. . . . Yet he had not been educated here. . . . He was an ordinary ignorant man. . . . His son had had schooling, the best in the land, and he was the criminal. . . .

He wended his way down into the boiler room where so much of his time had been spent. There was to be no school today, so the fire was banked and low. It was warm near the door of the fire-box, so he sat down on the backless chair where he had rested so often, and took the stranger's letter from his pocket. What did it all mean? He tried to fathom it with his dull, slow-moving mind, but nothing seemed to make sense. He tried to plan some course of action, but every plan jabbed him as with a sword. Talk to the boy? But if he could join in a great robbery, he was beyond all influence of his father. . . . Take the letter to the police? No — never could he do that, never; he would have to save the boy, save him for the love and hope that had centered in him, which now was shattered and gone. . . .

He felt desperately in need of someone to talk to. . . . His wife? Would it not kill her, break her heart? But even so, she could not feel as he. . . . She had never understood his hopes and plans for the boy. She had not caught on to the ways of this new world. . . . She had always been fearful for the boy. . . . She had talked about religion and church . . . would have preferred had the boy gone to church and not learned so much. . . . She was all right but old fashioned. . . . She could not dream as he had dreamed — about their son becoming a great figure in the world. . . . Must he tell her now that she had been right — tell her his damning secret?

The telephone, by which the school officials usually communicated with him, rang out suddenly, piercing the silence of the boiler room and the confusion of his thoughts. He expected an order. But it was a call from the outside. A voice identified him, and then, after a pause, said slowly:

"Your son has been in an accident — an automobile accident. He has been taken to your home."

The old man hung up the receiver and stood looking at the telephone. He was dazed. He set his mind to grasp and wrestle with this new piece of news. It slowly penetrated, and then while he still stood as in a trance, his face was gradually transformed into the image of a great new hope that had dawned in his soul. . . . His lips parted. . . . His eyes widened. . . . Death! Death was escape for the boy. . . . Death now was honor. . . . Death was his only hope. . . . Kind, good, merciful death . . . if only the boy would die!

Again he plunged through the streets towards home. . . . The snow and wind cut his face, but he did not notice. He had forgotten the dreams and ambitions of yesterday. . . . Now for him it was only a race between death and dishonor; might death be the winner! . . . He saw the boy's face in death as something lovely, desirable, good. . . . "God," he thought momentarily, "what a dream for a man who had lived on visions of success, wealth, greatness, for over twenty years." . . .

A few friends and relatives gave way silently to him as he entered the house. Their eyes led him to the downstairs bedroom where the young man had been carried. Before he placed his hand on the door, it opened and a priest came forth, kissing the stole he had taken from his shoulders and placing it in his pocket. . . . For a moment the two stood eye to eye, and the man saw a great pity on the face of the priest.

The pity warmed his heart. . . . It wiped out twenty years of living in a dream. . . . It took him back to his native land, where there had been no great gorgeous school-buildings, nor city-like universities, no marvelous opportunities, but where he had had faith, and faith gave a meaning to life and death and all human aspiration. . . . It gave birth to a new hope for his boy — in the lightning quickness of human thought this hope sprang up and bloomed — as he saw a priest coming from this room. . . .

The priest spoke:

"Your son," he said, "is dead."

The old man braced himself for an instant, then stood silent. He could not reveal the relief that was flooding his soul. He could not, he need not speak now of the letter in his pocket. He need only destroy it, deliver it, or even, later, after his son was buried, hand it over to the authorities. Even that he could think of doing.

But now,—he was only a weary old man, who had found a way back to something he had lost too long ago. Now he could see—see what mattered and what did not, and what foolishness had contented his mind. And now—in the old gesture of his native land,—the gesture that is the symbol of faith and hope and all true religion,—he knelt on one knee and kissed the hand of the priest.

LIBERAL EDUCATION

Official statements have been handed out by the Mexican government to the effect that the Administration guarantees “public and private liberties.” Yet in all government schools the Communist teachers were instructed to carry out the following program in elementary and primary grades, according to Frederick Vincent Williams. It is a simple little method taken from Moscow of uprooting religion from the minds of the young and is said to be quite effective where it was first employed in Russia.

Each child is given a paper doll cut and colored to represent a priest in his cassock.

The teacher asks: “What is this, children?”

The children answer: “A priest.”

Teacher: “What is a priest good for?”

Children: “A priest is good for nothing.”

Teacher: “What shall we do with the priest then?”

Children: “We shall destroy the priest.”

Then teacher and children tear the paper dolls representing a priest to pieces.

Next the children are given paper churches and matches.

Teacher: “What is this, children?”

Children: “That is a church.”

Teachers: “What is a church good for?”

Children: “A church is good for nothing.”

Teacher: “What shall we do with the church then?”

Children: “We shall burn the church.”

Then the teacher and the children strike their matches and burn the paper churches.



Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that's the stuff life is made of.

ROMANCE AMONG THE SAINTS

THE HUMAN LOVE OF ST. THOMAS MORE, MARTYR

Aug. T. Zeller, C.Ss.R.

HUMAN LOVE AND HEAVENLY LOVE

IT IS at the end of his life that we find the perfect flower of St. Thomas More's love for his wife and children. Here we see its tendencies revealed most touchingly because set like a ruby in the gold of his wonderful manliness and courage; here, too, we see its complete subjection to a higher love, the love of God, set in the gold of his straightforwardness and ability to smile at all lesser values.

THE MARTYR

More realized that he was dying for his conscience and God and in union with Our Lord. The oath, imposed by Henry VIII, which More refused to take, clearly involved three things: 1) the right of succession for Anne Boleyn's progeny; 2) the spiritual primacy of the Holy See; 3) the complete (also spiritual) supremacy of the King of England. More was willing to take the oath as to the first point, because it involved no matter of faith but only of established fact. But he saw clearly that he could not take the oath as involving a denial of the Pope's supremacy.

When cited by the King's commissioners (Cranmer, Cromwell and Lord Audley) to take the oath, More asked to see the oath and read it carefully. Then he replied:

"I do not intend to put any fault either to the Act or any man that made it, or in the oath or any man that swore to it, nor to condemn the conscience of any other man: but as for myself, in good faith my conscience so moved me in the matter that, though I would refuse to swear to the succession, yet I could not swear to the rest of the oath without exposing my soul to perpetual damnation."

The issue then was clear: it was for the Faith he was condemned; it was for the Faith that he died.

More, from the very beginning had no misgiving of the end. He knew well the character of Cranmer and Cromwell; he began to understand the savage insistence of the King. Thus when someone informed his daughter that he had cleared himself and would go free, he said to her:

"Meg, quod differtur non aufertur — that which is deferred is not removed."

And when the Duke of Norfolk remarked to More: "By the Mass, Mr. More, it is perilous striving with princes; therefore, I would wish you somewhat to incline to the King's pleasure; for indignatio principis mors est — the anger of kings means death," — More replied:

"Is that all, my Lord? — then, in good faith, between Your Grace and me is but this difference, that I shall die today and you tomorrow."

THE HARDEST TRIAL

Those who tried to save More argued with him in every way to take the oath. Many told him that the oath might be interpreted lawfully, — that he could protest inwardly against it, — that so many others, even the clergy, had taken it. Even his wife and his beloved daughter Margaret argued thus. But More replied:

"I never intend to pin my soul at another man's back, not even the best man that I know this day living. For I know not whither he may carry it. There is no man living of whom, while he liveth, I may make myself sure. Some may do for favor, some may do for fear, and so might then carry my soul the wrong way. And some might frame himself a conscience and think that if he did it for fear, God would forgive it. And some may perhaps think that he will repent and receive absolution and that so God will remit it to them. And some may perhaps be of the mind that, if they say one thing and think the contrary, God will more regard the heart than the tongue; and that therefore, their oath goeth upon what they think and not upon what they say. But in good faith, Margaret, I can see no such ways in so great a matter."

More's wife, Alice, never seemed to be able to understand his greatness of soul. She was too worldly. When he had been confined in the Tower for some time, she visited him and was vexed by his steadfastness.

"Mr. More," she said, "I marvel that you who have hitherto been

taken for a wise man, will now so play the fool as to lie here in this close, filthy prison, and be content thus to be shut up among mice and rats, when you might be abroad at your liberty, enjoying the favor of the King and his Council, — if you would only do as all the Bishops and best learned of this realm have done. And seeing that you have at Chelsea a right fair house, your library, your gallery, garden, orchard, and all other necessities so handsome about you, where you might, in the company of me your wife, your children, and household, be merry, I wonder what in God's name you mean be thus tarrying fondly here!"

More listened to her smilingly and when she had finished he merely said:

"Is not this house as nigh heaven as my own?"

"Twittle, twattle," said Mistress Alice, vexed. She probably thought that too much learning or too much religion had driven him mad. But that she meant well and was devoted to her husband is clear from the fact that she stinted herself all along to be able to pay his weekly pension at the prison. And More realized this and loved and esteemed her, even though he could smile at her weakness and never expected any too great heroism from her.

From Margaret, his daughter, he expected something better. She was of all his children most like him, and of all of them the most cultured and religious. Listening to her friends, she tried to persuade her father to take the oath. More once said to her:

"What, Mistress Eve! hath my daughter Alington (his step-daughter) played the serpent with you, and with a letter set you at work to come and tempt your father again, and for the love that you bear him, labor to make him swear against his conscience and so send him to the devil?" Then he added seriously:

"Daughter Margaret, we two have talked this thing over more than twice or thrice, and I have told you that if it were possible for me to do the King's grace, and God not offended, no man would take this oath more gladly than I would."

But Margaret, inspired by love, clung to her point and argued with him. More explained his position to her patiently and clearly. On finishing, seeing her sadness, he resumed his usual gaiety and said:

"How now, daughter Margaret? What now, Mother Eve? Where is your mind now? Sit not musing with some serpent in your breast

upon some new persuasion to offer Father Adam the apple once again!"

"In good faith," replied Margaret sadly, "I can go no further. For since the example of so many wise men cannot move you, I see not what to say more, unless I should look to persuade you with the reason that Master Harry Patterson, the fool, made."

"What was that?" asked More.

"He met, one day, one of our men, and when he had asked where you were, and heard that you were in the Tower still, he grew angry with you and said: 'Why? what aileth him that he will not swear? Why should he stick at swearing? I have sworn the oath myself! And so,' Margaret concluded, 'have I sworn.'"

At this More laughed and answered:

"That word was like Eve, too,— for she offered Adam no worse fruit that she had eaten herself."

Margaret reminded her father that it might mean his death. More's answer gives us a glimpse of his great soul, his wonderful self-possession and also of the greatness of his suffering. He said:

"Daughter Margaret, no man can do me hurt without doing me wrong; and I trust God will not suffer so good and wise a prince as Henry thus to requite the long service of his true, faithful servant.— Yet, since nothing is impossible, I forgot not in this matter the counsel of Christ in the Gospel, that before I begin to build this castle for the safeguard of mine own soul, I should sit down and reckon what the charge would be. I counted, Margaret, full surely many a restless, weary night, while my wife slept and thought that I slept too, what peril would possibly befall me; and in so thinking, I had a full, heavy heart. But yet I thank Our Lord that for all that I never thought to change, though the very uttermost should happen to me that I feared."

And he concluded with these words, that for heroism and humility combined, can hardly be matched:

"And finally, Margaret, this I know very well, that without my fault, God will not allow me to be lost. I shall, therefore, with good hope, commit myself wholly to Him, and if He suffer me for my faults to perish, yet shall I thus serve for a praise of His justice. But in good faith, Meg (his pet name for his daughter), I trust that His pity shall keep my poor soul safe and make me commend His mercy. And therefore, mine own good daughter, never trouble thy mind for any-

thing that shall happen to me in this world. Nothing can come but what God wills!"

Indeed how keenly he suffered on account of his family may be seen from another letter to his daughter Margaret. In it he writes:

"A deadly grief smote me, and much more deadly than to hear of mine own death (the fear of which, I thank Our Lord, is daily more and more softened by the fear of hell, the hope of heaven and the Passion of Christ) is, that I perceive my good son, your husband, and you my good daughter, and my good wife and mine other good children and innocent friends, in great displeasure and danger of great harm on my account. But since it does not lie in my own hand to stop this, I can only commit all to God . . . whose high Goodness I most humbly beseech to incline the heart of the King's Highness to the tender favor of you all, and to favor me no better than God and myself know that my faithful heart towards him and my daily prayer for him do deserve."

And after repeating that it was only for conscience sake and to safeguard his soul that he suffered and endured this trouble, he thus concludes the letter:

"Out of this (trouble) I beseech God to bring me, when His will shall be, into His endless bliss of heaven, and in the meanwhile give me grace and you, both, in all our agonies and troubles, devoutly to resort on bended knees to the remembrance of that bitter agony which Our Saviour suffered before His Passion on the Mount. And if we diligently do this, I verily trust that we shall find therein great comfort and consolation.

"And thus, my dear daughter, may the blessed spirit of Christ, according to His tender mercy, govern and guide you all to His pleasure and your weal and comfort both body and soul.

"Your tender, loving father."

Margaret's reply to this letter shows that she was fully entering into her father's mind. Her only fear now was for her own frailty. More replied:

"That you fear your own frailty, Margaret, in no way displeases me. God give us both the grace to despair of ourselves and to hang wholly upon the strength of God. . . . Surely, Meg, a fainter heart than thy frail father hath thou canst not have. And yet I trust in the great mercy of God, that He shall, of His goodness, so support me with His holy hand that He shall not finally suffer me to fall wretchedly from His favor. . . .

"And verily, my dear daughter, in this is my great comfort, that although I am of nature so shrinking from pain that I am almost afraid of a fillip, yet in all the agonies that I have had, I thank the mercy of God, I never in my mind intended to consent to do anything against my conscience."

One of his last letters, a brief note written with a piece of charcoal on a scrap of paper, for all writing materials were taken away from him, tingles with the tenderness of a love for his dear ones that is human yet heavenly. It was addressed to Margaret but was meant for all.

"Our Lord be thanked, I am in good health of body, and in good quiet of mind; and of worldly things I no more desire than I have. I beseech Him to make you all merry in the hope of heaven. And such things as I somewhat longed to talk with you all concerning the world to come, may Our Lord put them into your minds, as I trust He doth and better too by His holy Spirit, who bless you and preserve you all.

"Written with a coal by your tender loving father, who in his poor prayers forgetteth none of you all, nor your babies, nor your nurses, nor your good husbands, nor your good husband's shrewd wives, nor your father's shrewd wife neaither, nor our other friends.

"And thus fare you heartily well for lack of paper."

Evidently his good humor did not desert him even in the midst of his sufferings! The last months of his confinement, that lasted altogether fifteen months, he was forbidden to see anyone. His books and papers were taken from him. Up to that More had beguiled the time writing spiritual treatises that tell better than anything the depth of his spirituality. They are, coming from a layman, unique evidences of his intelligent, nay even inspired sanctity. Now he spent all the remaining time in meditation and in penitential exercises, as if his imprisonment did not offer enough in itself.

It was after his trial and condemnation that a beautiful scene took place. As he was being led back to the Tower to await his execution, his daughter Margaret waited for him at the entrance to the prison. As he approached, she pushed her way through the guards and throwing herself about her father's neck, kissed him. More was deeply touched and spoke tenderly to her. The guards pushed her away and proceeded. But once more Margaret ran after her father, again took him round the neck and kissed him repeatedly, clinging to him as long as possible.

More remembered this in his last letter to his own. In it, he remembered them all tenderly, expressed his love for them and divided among them the little souvenirs that he could still dispose of. The letter ends:

"I never liked your manner towards me better, Margaret, than when you kissed me last; for I love when daughterly love and charity hath no leisure to look for worldly courtesy. Farewell, my dear child, and pray for me, and I shall for you all and all your friends, that we may merrily meet in heaven. I send now my good daughter Clement her alorism stone, and I send her and my godson and all hers God's blessing and mine. I pray you recommend me to my good son John More. I liked well his natural fashion. Our Lord bless him and his good wife, my loving daughter, to whom I pray him to be good, as he hath great cause: and that, if the land of mine come to his hands, he break not my will concerning his sister Daunce. And the Lord bless Thomas and Austin, and all that they shall have."

Even in the light of eternity, — perhaps we should say, because of the light of eternity, — he still retained his gift of laughter. The scaffold which he had to ascend was shaky. Putting his feet on the ladder, he said smilingly to the lieutenant:

"I pray thee see me safe up; and for my coming down let me shift for myself."

Then he desired all the people to pray for him and to bear witness with him that he suffered death in and for the Catholic Church. Then he knelt down and said the Miserere, his favorite prayer. The executioner, according to the custom, asked pardon of him. More kissed him and said cheerfully:

"Pluck up thy spirits man, and be not afraid to do thine office. My neck is very short; take heed, therefore, that thou strike not awry for saving of thine honesty."

Having bound his own eyes, he placed his head on the block to receive the fatal but blessed stroke that would win him the crown of martyrdom. But noticing that his beard too lay across the block, he removed it carefully, saying: "That has committed no treason."

Thus lived and loved for fifty-six years and five months, St. Thomas More.

GATHERED AT DAWN

SANCTITY AMONG OUR CHILDREN

DOMINIC SAVIO (Continued)

Peter J. Etzig, C.Ss.R.

LIV

Savio had a distinct liking for the penitential aspect of a saintly life. He tried to practice self-conquest in every phase of his daily life at the Oratory. He had to use particular effort to restrain his eyes, for he was naturally very observant and curious. He acknowledged this effort one day to a friend:

"It cost me quite an effort to make a law for myself absolutely to conquer my eyes; in fact, at times I got a headache from it."

He knew the value of overcoming curiosity and often made references to the fatal influence that can come through the eyes.

He also made it a rule that he would be silent when others spoke: that he would gladly break off his own speech so as to let others converse. He deliberately ate foods he disliked, and tried to avoid what pleased him. He schooled himself never to complain and to be perfectly resigned to the will of God. Indeed, we have a statement of Don Bosco himself, that this practice of virtue was not spasmodic but something that happened every day and "in every moment of his life."

In his desire to practice humility and penance, he gladly performed the most menial work around the Oratory. He wanted to fast each Saturday in honor of the Madonna, as well as during Lent, but his Director forbade him to do so because of his frail health. He did, however, discover various little ways of doing penance. He was quite subject to chilblains during the winter, but always made light of the pain they might cause, by saying:

"The larger the chilblains, the better it is for my health." He must have meant the health of the spirit.

When the Alpine winds brought down the cold upon Turin, the winters were very severe in the locality. When walking on such days,

Dominic would purposely walk quite slowly, so as to be able to suffer more from the cold and wind. He had other ways of inflicting penance on himself, and when asked why he did such things, he simply replied:

"They make me more like the Divine Master!"

He submitted humbly to the prohibition with which Don Bosco cancelled many of his desires for little penances. At times, however, he would look up at the Saint and say:

"Poor me! I am really in a difficulty. The Savior tells me that if I do not do penance, I will not enter into Paradise; and you command me not to do so; what kind of a Paradise will I get?"

"The penance that the Lord desires of you," Don Bosco told him many times, "is obedience. Just obey and that will suffice."

"But won't you allow me to do some little penance?" Savio often pleaded. But the answer would always be the same:

"Yes, I allow you the penances of bearing patiently all injury that comes your way; of being resigned with the cold, the heat and the rain, with fatigue and all ill health which God will be pleased to send."

Thus we may go on narrating the spiritual zeal of this little boy. It is no wonder, therefore, that Don Bosco carefully kept records of the sayings and deeds of his little disciple — for it was becoming a firm conviction in the mind of the Saint that he was helping towards the biography of a boy-saint.

EXCELSIOR

Despite his weak physical health, Savio was a giant in spirit. He displayed a moral force equal to that of great souls mature in years and sanctity.

His great attachment to the Eucharist made him a daily communicant. The thought of the Blessed Sacrament was always with him even till the time of his repose when his last prayer was: "May the most Holy and Divine Sacrament be praised and thanked at every moment." It was his custom daily to spend several hours before the Blessed Sacrament.

In April, 1856, — his last April on earth — he had a clear presentiment of death. The lad went to Don Bosco to ask how best to spend the month of May.

"You will celebrate it," answered the Saint, "by the exact fulfilment of study, by reading every day an example in honor of Our Lady, and by keeping yourself daily in a condition so as to be able to receive God each morning."

"I will do that punctually," replied Dominic; "but what grace will I ask for?"

"Ask the Holy Virgin," Don Bosco answered, "to obtain for you health and the grace to become a saint."

"To help me to become a saint," the boy repeated; "to help me to die a good death, to assist me in the last moments of my life and lead me to heaven."

That month of Our Lady saw Savio as fervent as an angel. The thought of Our Lady was almost an obsession with him: he spoke about her, wrote about her, sang about her. One of his companions was so impressed by this great outburst of fervor that he remarked to Savio:

"If you do everything this year, what are you going to do next year?"

"Just leave that to me," he answered smilingly. "I want to do what I can this year; next year, if there be such for me, I will tell you what I will do."

He thought himself really miserable and an object of God's pure mercy, but all others saw him gradually ascend higher and higher toward real perfection.

"There is such little good in me," he one day sadly acknowledged; "I hope that the Lord will exercise His mercy over me and be satisfied with my little, doing it as I do, for His love."

But Dominic Savio had written the word "Excelsior — Higher, higher" in his heart and as he came closer to beatific vision, his desire to be like God drew to a white heat.

THE SUPERNATURAL TOUCH

We might well expect to find some extraordinary manifestations of God's love and condescension in a life so angelic as Savio's. Not are we to be disappointed. His life flowed on evenly and in obscurity; yet from infancy on through his boyhood there are many extraordinary happenings, showing God's stamp of approval on this lad's holiness. These incidents may be of more or less value and are repeated here as suggestive of God's special Providence.

Spending his declining years at the Oratory in Turin, Dominic's father used to tell how the boy walked home a great distance from a *festa*; a mere child, he was tired out when only half way. Suddenly a young man joined them, lifted the child to his shoulder and carried him

the rest of the way to Mondonio. Arriving at the Savio home, he set the child down at the door, turned away rapidly and was never seen again. Old Signor Savio loved to compare this event to the story of Tobias.

Another time when Dominic went to Mondonio for a little rest and a change of air, he failed to let his folks know when he was coming. He arrived at Castelnuovo and then made the rest of the journey on foot. He came to his parents' home completely fatigued. When asked whether he had come alone, he replied that a beautiful lady met him at Castelnuovo and walked with him all the way. Mother Savio went to the door, looked up and down the road, — no lady was to be seen, neither could any of the Mondonio folk give any information about her.

Teresa Savio, Dominic's Sister, relates this astonishing happening.

One day Dominic presented himself to Don Bosco:

"Would you be so kind as to give me free today?"

"Where do you want to go?"

"Home: because my mother is very sick and the Madonna wishes me to cure her."

"Who told you this? Has somebody written?"

"No; no one has said anything to me, but I know it," the boy insisted.

"Go immediately!" Don Bosco knew the nature and the supernatural life of his pupil.

As a matter of fact, Signora Savio was in a very critical condition, and no one knew what to do. Signor Savio decided to call in Dr. Girola from Buttigliera, and set out for that place. On his return trip he met Dominic coming from Turin.

"Where are you going?" asked the father.

"I am going to see mamma who is very sick," replied the boy. He urged them to hurry, and at Ranello went ahead of them, for as he said, there was no time to lose. Immediately upon coming to Mondonio Dominic hurried to the bedside of his mother, threw his arms about her and hung a little green ribbon with a small piece of silk about her neck. He then withdrew, and set out for Turin once more. The father and Doctor arrived some time later and found the mother perfectly cured — she had completely recovered as soon as Dominic had placed his arms about her and the little ribbon upon her neck. When the boy returned to the Oratory, he went to Don Bosco's room and thanked him for the kind permission to visit his mother.

"My mother is now fine and is cured; the Madonna cured her by that which I hung around her neck."

This little ribbon remained a sacred relic with the mother and then passed on to Teresa. Some years later, Teresa's husband, seriously ill, was instantly cured by it.

A certain poor woman used to go to a house in the via Cottolengo, not far distant from the Oratory, in order to do the daily chores and the cleaning. The owner allowed her the use of a small attic room where she might keep her things during the day. On September 8, 1885, Dominic presented himself at the door of this house.

"Is there any person here who is sick with the cholera?" he inquired respectfully of the owner who opened the door.

"By the grace of God, no; there is no one," was the reply.

"But there *must* be some one here who is sick," insisted the lad.

"Pardon me, my lad," replied the man. "You must have the wrong address, for I assure you that all of us here are healthy and about."

Dominic was not convinced, but thanked the man and left. He looked through the entire district very carefully and then came back to the same house once more.

"Would you do me the favor, kind sir," he asked, "and look carefully through the house, for there *must* be a sick person in this house."

The man agreed to make an inspection, and took the boy with him. They searched every nook and corner, until they finally came to the attic room and there they found the poor old woman huddled next to the wall, deathly sick, so weak as to be unable to call for help. The man was astonished, for he thought that she as usual had already gone for the night. A priest was immediately summoned; he heard her confession and just had sufficient time to administer Extreme Unction, when she calmly expired.

One might be inclined to doubt incidents such as these, if we do not know the calibre of the witness who gives us such events. But we have several such extraordinary happenings from the pen of the Saint himself, with the declaration that he writes "*scrupolosamente la verita*" (scrupulously the truth).

One day Dominic came to Bosco's room.

"Come with me quickly," he exclaimed, "there is beautiful work to do!"

"Where do you want to take me?" asked Don Bosco.

"Quick, there is no time to lose!" was the only response.

Don Bosco followed him. They passed one street, another, a third. Finally he turned at the fourth, and passed rapidly one door and then another, until he came to the house he sought. Never a word was spoken, no movement of indecision or hesitation; the boy knew exactly where he wanted to go. He went rapidly up the stairs till he came to the third floor, where he rang the little bell, and stepped aside. A woman opened the door, and when she saw the priest before her, she exclaimed:

"Quickly, Father, or it will be too late. My husband had the misfortune to lose his faith and became a Protestant; and now at the very moment of death, he is sorry and wants to return to the faith and die a Catholic."

Don Bosco ministered to the dying man and heard his confession. He had just finished when the little bell sounded and the Curate of St. Augustine's entered. He quickly administered Extreme Unction under one form, and the patient slumped back, dead! Some time later, the Saint had a mind to ask Savio how he knew of this man, but when the boy looked sorrowfully at the Saint and broke into tears, Bosco did not have the heart to press the matter further.

One day Savio was absent from dinner. The boys looked for him all over the place, but could not find him. Finally they reported the matter to Don Bosco. The Saint suspected where he could be found, and went to find him. As he entered the church, he saw Savio standing in the middle of the sanctuary, near the great stand on which the large book of the lessons was placed when office was recited in choir. One foot was upon the step of the stand, one hand upon his breast, his eyes fixed upon the tabernacle. Don Bosco called him by name, but there was no movement of recognition. He went up to him and shook him lightly, and the boy came to with a start.

"Oh, is Mass already over?" he exclaimed. The Saint showed him his watch — it was two o'clock. Dominic humbly begged pardon for breaking the rules of the house, and was sent off to the dining room.

(To be concluded.)

The honor most dear to the Blessed Virgin is the imitation of her virtues.

If you would keep your friend approach him with a telescope, never with a microscope.

Quadragesimo Anno

THE ENCYCLICAL: THE FORTIETH YEAR

Translation and Comment by R. J. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

PART I. CONTINUED

Application: There are therefore two dangers that must be carefully avoided. One consists in denying or minimizing the social and public aspect of private property, — which means that one is falling, or is about to fall, into what is known as "Individualism"; the other consists in refusing to admit, or in admitting only with reservations, the private and individual aspect of private property, — which amounts to an adoption of "Collectivism," or at least to an approval of some of its doctrines.

Danger of "Individualism" and "Collectivism"

Danger of Modernism In any case, disregard of what has just been said will certainly lead to the very depths of what We denounced at the beginning of Our Pontificate as moral, judicial, and social Modernism. We say this particularly for the benefit of certain would-be reformers, who are not ashamed to brand the church with ugly calumnies: claiming that she has allowed a pagan concept of ownership to creep into the teaching of theologians, and demanding that without question or delay this "pagan" concept be supplanted by a different one, to which they have the amazing ignorance to give the name of "Christian."

Reproof for would-be Reformers

No. 2. CONTROVERSIES SETTLED

Wishing, in the next place, to keep within due bounds the rising controversies over private property and the obligations connected with it, We first of all lay down again the principle long ago established by Leo XIII: namely, that the property right is one thing, and its use, another. For, to respect the standing boundaries of property, and not to trespass on another's right by going out beyond the confines of one's own: these obligations are prescribed by that especial form of justice called "commutative"; whereas the obligation binding owners not to put their property to any but good use is a prescription not of this "commutative" justice, but of other virtues, which prescribe obligations that "cannot be enforced by human law." It is therefore a mistake to affirm, as some do, that the limits on the property right are no different from the limits on its use; and a still greater deviation from the way of truth to claim that by the very fact of misuse or non-use, the property right is lost or is destroyed.

Property's Obligations: Principle

Conclusions Drawn

A much needed work, and one deserving of the highest praise, is therefore being done by anyone who strives, in peace and charity for others, and with deference for the traditional teaching of the church, to make clear in detail the obligations which the requirements of man's living in society with his fellows have placed around the property right itself or else around its exercise and use. But on the other hand it is a sad mistake to seek to set such limitations on the individual aspect of the property right as to leave it practically destroyed.

QUESTIONS ABOUT "THE FORTIETH YEAR"

In "making practical applications," what does Pius XI do?

Four things: *first*, states that to deny the social aspect of private property leads to "Individualism"; *secondly*, states that to deny its individual aspect leads to "Collectivism"; *thirdly*, states that either of these denials leads to "moral, juridical

and social Modernism"; and *fourthly*, directs a special reproof to certain would-be reformers.

What is meant by "denying or minimizing the social aspect of private property?"

It means denying or questioning the fact that the institution of private property was intended by God to benefit others besides the actual owners; i.e., denying that private property is to serve any other purpose but personal profit.

What is "Individualism," as Pius XI takes it here?

Note that Pius XI always speaks with condemnation of "Individualism" (or "rugged Individualism," as it is sometimes called in the United States). He takes it here not so much as a *theory*, but rather as an *actual condition of affairs* in which men seek only personal profit, without regard to the needs of their fellow-men.

How does a denial of the social side of private property lead to this "Individualism"?

Because if *in theory* men who are owners *deny* that private property is intended to benefit anyone besides themselves, in *practice* they will *use* property only as suits their individual interest, without regard to the interests or claims of anyone else.

What is "Collectivism"?

It is a general term which Pius XI uses to cover all forms of Socialism and Communism; and it is not hard to see how anyone denying that private property has an individual side—i.e., denying that private property is for the benefit of the individual owners—is leaning to "Collectivism" in some shape or form.

What is "moral, juridical, and social Modernism"?

Pius X in 1908 condemned "dogmatic Modernism"; which was in short a heretical system of disregard for the Church's teaching in nearly all matters of faith or dogma; Pius XI in 1922 condemned "moral, juridical, and social Modernism," which is a disregard of the Church's teaching in moral, juridical, and social matters. His words in the Encyclical "Ubi Arcano Dei" are: "How many there are who profess to accept the Catholic teaching in matters regarding civil authority and the duty of obeying it, regarding the rights of property, or the rights and duties of agricultural and industrial laborers, the mutual relations between states, or between employer and employed—and yet, these, by the spoken and written word and in their whole manner of life, act as if the teachings and oft-repeated precepts of the Sovereign Pontiffs, Leo XIII, Pius X, and Benedict XV, had lost their efficacy or were completely out of date. In all this We recognize a kind of moral, juridical, and social Modernism, and We condemn it as strongly as We do dogmatic modernism."

What is noteworthy about this reference to "moral, juridical and social Modernism"?

The practical point is that Catholics must study and follow the Catholic teaching on private property, especially as indicated in "Rerum Novarum" and "The Fortieth Year"; otherwise they will run the risk of becoming "Modernists," in the eyes of the Church,— "social Modernists," just as Catholics who fail to follow her teaching in dogmatic matters run the risk of being "dogmatic Modernists."

"Directing a special reproof to certain would-be reformers," what does Pius XI do?

Three things: *first*, reproves the would-be reformers for their calumny that the

Church has approved a "pagan" concept of ownership; *secondly*, reproves them for suggesting that another concept supplant the one approved by the Church; and *thirdly*, reproves them for their amazing ignorance in calling this other concept "Christian."

Who are these "would-be reformers"?

They are some modern German and Austrian Catholic writers; but traces of their errors can also be seen in the writings of some American Catholics, in the form of references to the old "pagan" concept of private property, or of demands for a "redefinition" of rights.

In which "sense" or "meaning" does Pius XI take the term ownership here?

In the fourth sense, as given above; i.e., the right to dispose of property which one has acquired by just means.

What is the concept of ownership or private property approved by the Church?

Note that Pius XI here speaks of the *concept*, not of any special *definition* of that concept. This concept is that embodied in the definition already given from Pius X: "Private property is a moral power to dispose at will of material things."

Has this concept really "crept into the teaching of theologians"?

It is indeed the concept embodied in the definitions given by the best Catholic authorities; but it is the concept which has been always held by orthodox Catholic writers. It has not "crept in" in any bad sense. Some of their definitions of the property right are: "The right to dispose of a thing as subject to oneself, and to exclude others from its use"; "the right to dispose absolutely of a thing as one's own, as long as no higher right is violated"; "a perfect right to dispose at will of something as one's own, unless forbidden by law"; "the right to have and to dispose completely of a corporeal thing, unless forbidden by law"; "the right to dispose of material things as one chooses, except insofar as this right may be limited or canceled by divine or human law."

Why do the "would-be reformers" call this concept "pagan"?

Because it is derived from the old Roman concept of private property, as embodied in the definition: "a right to use or use up a thing and its fruits, as far as the nature of the right permits." In the original Latin, the first words of the definition are: "Jus utendi et *abutendi*"—which some have translated as "a right to use and *abuse*" instead of "a right to use and *use up*," which is the true translation. This mistranslation may be one reason for Pius XI's reference to "amazing ignorance" a little later on.

Can there be a right to abuse a thing?

If a "right" is taken strictly, as a "moral power," then it is only too obvious in human experience that men have powers which they can and do abuse; men can abuse their power to speak by lying; their physical powers, by deeds of violence; and their moral powers, or rights, especially their property rights, by using their property unfairly. Of course it is wrong for them to do so, but the power is there; to deny it would be to deny that human beings are free to do right or wrong.

Is this concept of the property right really "pagan"?

Pius XI denies that it is really pagan, at least implicitly, by reproving the "reformers" for their calumny in calling it pagan; but on the other hand, he does not affirm that it is strictly *Christian*.

If it is neither pagan nor Christian, what is it?

It is one of those things which in itself is neither Christian nor pagan, but simply *natural*, like the concepts of other natural powers, — the power to speak, the power to use one's bodily members, etc.

What is the "different concept" of the property right demanded by the would-be reformers?

According to the would-be reformers, the property right is a moral power to do what is right and fair with property, but not a power to do what is wrong or unfair; i.e., a man has not even the *power* to do wrong with his property.

What would be a definition embodying this "different concept" of the property right?

One would be: "A right, limited by the moral law or by the demands of the common good, to own a material thing." Another definition given in the United States, which seems to embody this so-called "Christian" concept, is this: "the right to use, use up, or dispose of things in accordance with the moral law."

What is really wrong with this so-called "Christian" concept of the property right and its definitions?

It denies that men are free to do wrong with their property; it fails to distinguish between what a man *can* do, and what he *may* do, with his property. It is like saying that a man has power to use his power of speech to say good things, but not bad things. And thus, in short, the so-called "Christian" concept is an attempt to make the facts fit the theory, instead of the theory fit the facts.

Why do the "would-be reformers" call their concept of the property right "Christian"?

Because, they claim, such was the concept held by the early Christians and by the Fathers of the Church.

Why is it "amazing ignorance" to make this claim?

Because it has been clearly proved that the examples of early Christians and the writings of the Fathers of the Church deal with what a man *may* do or *should* do with his property, not with what he *can* do; i.e., with the *use* of property, not with the *property right*, or the *concept* of the property right.

In "settling controversies," what does Pius XI do?

He settles some points in four general controversies: *first*, those about the obligations connected with property; *secondly*, those about the function of the State regarding private property; *thirdly*, those about the use of superfluous goods; *fourthly*, those about titles of ownership.

Speaking of "the obligations connected with the property right," what does Pius XI do?

Three things: *first*, indirectly quotes the principle laid down by Leo XIII on this matter; *secondly*, explains the principle; and *thirdly*, draws certain conclusions.

What is the "principle laid down by Leo XIII"?

The words of "Rerum Novarum" are: "It's one thing to possess money rightfully, but another to use it rightfully."

What is noteworthy about this principle?

Two things: *first*, the fact that Pius XI does not quote it from the Latin of "Rerum Novarum" word for word, but only indirectly; the reason for this may be because Leo's words were misunderstood by some; and so Pius XI here uses other words to make this meaning plain; and *secondly*, the fact that the current

"official" English version of "Rerum Novarum" has a very faulty and misleading translation of the original Latin in this place.

In what sense is Pius XI taking the term "property right" here?

In the fourth sense as given above; i.e., the moral power to dispose at will of material things *which have been acquired* by just means; in short, the power to own or keep one's property.

"Explaining the principle," what does Pius XI do?

Two things: *first*, describes the obligations connected with the property right itself; and *secondly*, those connected with its use.

How does he describe the obligations connected with the right itself?

By doing two things: *first*, showing what the obligations are; and *secondly*, stating what virtue "prescribes" these obligations,—namely, commutative justice.

How does commutative justice prescribe these obligations?

It prescribes them in such a way that if the obligations are violated: e.g., if anyone trespasses on another's right and takes his property by fraud or force, he becomes guilty of stealing the property, is bound to make restitution, and may be taken to court and forced to do so.

How does Pius XI describe the obligations connected with the use of property?

By doing three things: *first*, showing what the obligations are: i.e., to put property to a good use; *secondly*, declaring that not commutative justice but "other virtues" prescribe this; and *thirdly*, quoting from "Rerum Novarum" the statement that these "other virtues" cannot be enforced by human law" . . . i.e., in courts of justice; which means that men cannot be forced to make restitution for any violation of these obligations.

When is property "put to a good use"?

When it is used for its individual and social purpose; i.e., when it is used to procure the necessities or decent comforts of life for oneself or one's family; or when it is used for the common good.

Must every piece of property be used for both the individual and the social purpose?

Not always: a man may need a thing exclusively for himself and his family; he then may and must use it exclusively for its individual purpose (though even then, indirectly, by buying, etc., he will by helping business and promoting the common good); again, a man may not need a thing at all for himself or his family, then he must use it exclusively for its social purpose; i.e., for the common good. What constitutes "good use" or "misuse" of property in a given case will therefore depend on the circumstances.

What are these "other virtues"?

The main ones are social justice, charity, generosity, liberality. Pius XI describes later on the precise obligations prescribed by these virtues.

What "conclusions" does Pius XI draw?

There are four: *first*, that the limits of the property right are different from the limits of the use of property; *secondly*, that misuse or non-use of property does not destroy the property right; *thirdly*, a word of praise; and *fourthly*, a word of reproof.

How are the limits of the property right different from the limits of the use of property?

The limits of the right are imposed by commutative justice, and the obligations

it prescribes; the limits of the use are imposed by social justice, charity, etc., and the obligations these virtues prescribe.

Why do not abuse or non-use take away the property right?

Because the property right is a moral power, similar to other human powers — power of speech, power over one's bodily members, etc.: which are obviously not taken away by the very fact of abuse or non-use.

What is the "word of praise"?

It is for what may be called the "orthodox party" in this controversy.

What is the "word of blame"?

It is for the "unorthodox party" in the controversy; i.e., those who claim that the property right and the use of property have the same limits, that the right is lost by misuse or non-use, etc.

RULES FOR SELF-MASTERY



Drawn up by Father Wilberforce, O.P. Self asks some minutes' rest after being called: refuse even a second.

◆ Self wants to consult ease and comfort in sitting or lying: do not listen.

◆ Self wants to indulge comfort of posture in prayer: refuse. Self suggests that prayer might be shortened: if possible, prolong it.

◆ There is one bite on your plate self most fancies: offer it to Jesus.

◆ Hunger makes your mouth water: wait a little: eat slowly. Self feels down and low: sing. Self is grumpy and cross: laugh.

◆ Self longs to speak, to say a sharp thing: be silent.

◆ Self wishes to avoid meeting some one: take him to the meeting.

◆ Self desires to speak bitterly: make him speak kindly.

◆ Self wants to take a slight revenge to pay some one out: be obliging and polite.

It costs self-love something to do an obliging thing, or it goes against sloth: double reason for doing it.

Everything seems to make you impatient: be equable in your humor.

Self seems all alive and in great eagerness to act or speak in haste: wait, let the storm pass.

Self wants to walk quickly, to recite quickly, to do this work or this thing quickly: go more slowly.

Something is said around you that excites curiosity: do not listen: offer it to Our Lord.

There is some interesting object or something that everyone is running to see: do not look: go not one step to look.

You much want to pick this flower: leave it.

Catholic Anecdotes



A SUCCESSFUL CAREER

Some years ago a young doctor in one of the large cities was visited by his father, who came in from a rural district to spend a few days with his boy.

"Well," he asked, when they met, "how are you getting along?"

"I'm not getting along at all," answered the discouraged young physician. "I am not doing a thing."

The old man's countenance fell, but he spoke of courage and patience and perseverance. Later in the day he went with his son to the "Free Dispensary," where the young doctor had an unsalaried position, and where he spent an hour or more every day.

The father sat by, a silent but intensely interested spectator, while twenty-five poor, unfortunate sufferers received help. The doctor forgot his visitor while he ministered to his poor patients; but hardly had he closed the door on the last one, when the old man burst forth:

"I thought you told me you were not doing a thing! Why, if I had helped twenty-five people in a month as much as you have done in one morning I would thank God that my life counted for something!"

"But," explained the son, "there is no money in it."

"Money!" the old man exclaimed. "Money! What is money in comparison with being of use to your fellow-men? Never mind about the money; go right along at this work every day. I'll go back to the farm and gladly earn money enough to support you as long as you live,—yes, and sleep sound every night with the thought that I have helped you to help your fellow-men."

FAITH OR VISION?

Years ago an Oblate missionary in British Columbia, Father Deves, related the following incident:

A little Indian girl, nine years old, begged the priest to let her make her first Communion, because she was so anxious to receive Our Lord. The priest refused, saying:

"You are too young; you do not know enough about our Lord in the Eucharist."

Again and again she repeated her request, but without success. One day at noon she went to the church, and the priest coming in later, found her praying aloud before the tabernacle, thinking herself alone.

"Chief, my father, the priest," she was saying, "says that I do not know you. But I do know you. You are the Son of God; you are the Child that was born in the stable at Bethlehem; you lived at Nazareth; you were found among the doctors in the temple; you made the Apostles and gave them your prayer; you died on the cross and arose again on the third day. You see that I know you; well, then, I ask you one thing which you will not refuse me. Open the eyes of the priest so that he will see that I know you."

That evening, after the vespers in the church, the priest called the child publicly and asked her:

"How often have you visited our Lord today?"

"Fifteen times," she answered.

"What did you say to Him?"

She hesitated a moment and then replied:

"Father, I told Him bad things about you," and she repeated what she had said.

The priest then turned to the congregation. "You see," he said, "That God hears prayers that are well said. I do not usually go to the church at midday, but the Great Spirit inspired me to go today. My child, you did well to pray, and the Chief on high has opened my eyes. I see now that you do know Jesus Christ and you shall make your Communion."

"Father," said the little girl, with tears in her eyes, "I am so happy that I seem to be in paradise."

THE REASON

At a dance shortly before he entered the Jesuit Novitiate, Bernard Vaughan said suddenly to his dancing partner that he was going to be a priest.

"You?" she exclaimed. "You who love the world and dancing so much?"

"It is because I love it so much that I am leaving it," he answered.



When we outgrow our enthusiasm, we stop growing altogether.

Pointed Paragraphs

LENT — 660 YEARS AGO



In a delightful old book called the *Golden Legend*, published for the first time in the year 1275 by Jacobus de Voragine and first translated into English by William Caxton in the late 15th century, we are given a number of reasons for the length of the season of Lent. To our ears some of them seem quaint and naive; but they show how those medieval Christians loved to ponder over their religious festivals and seasons.

Lent, says the *Golden Legend*, containeth 42 days, counting the Sundays. But if the Sundays be not reckoned, "there be but 36 days for to fast," which be the 10th part of the days of the year. Thus do we give our tithes to God.

But if the four days from Ash Wednesday to the first Sunday of Lent be added we have forty days of fasting, and for this many reasons, says the author, can be assigned.

First of all, 40 days were hallowed by the fasting of our Saviour in the desert. Next, St. Matthew says there were 40 generations up to the end of the Old Law, and then "Our Lord by His holy Quadragesima (forty days of fasting) descended to us, so we should ascend to Him by our Quadragesima. Again, Our Lord abode 40 days with His disciples after His resurrection, and then ascended into heaven, and so we should devote 40 days to the task of earning our ascension."

The next reason is given by the *Golden Legend* as follows: "The world is divided into four parts, and the year into four times (seasons), and the man of four elements and four complexions (temperaments) is composed. And we have the New Law which is ordained of four evangelists, and the ten commandments which we have broken. It behooveth then that the number of ten by the number of four be multiplied, that thus we make the Quadragesima, that we fulfill the commandments of the Old Law and the New."

These supplementary reasons are then added: "Another reason for fasting in Lent is because that in the printemps (spring) the heat of the flesh moveth and boileth, to the end that we may refrain us therein, this time we fast. The last reason is forasmuch as anon after our fasting we ought to receive the Body of Jesus Christ, for in likeness as the children of Israel, tofore they had eaten the lamb, they put them in affliction by penance in eating wild lettuce and bitter, right so we ought to withdraw and put us in affliction by penance, to the end that the more worthily we may take and receive the Lamb of life. Amen."

The *Golden Legend* went through more editions and translations than any other book for a century after the invention of printing. It gives us the real flavor of medieval days.

TAKE THOU AND READ

Stunned by the innumerable suggestions made as to what voluntary penances to adopt during the season of Lent, some people do not recover in time to fix their attention on any one in particular until Lent is almost over. This is not being fair either to ourselves or to the Church, who as a wise mother urges all to keep Lent well.

Among voluntary tasks assumed during Lent, none could be simpler or more profitable than short daily readings from the Life of Christ. For this purpose any of the famous "Lives of Christ," might be used, such as Fillion's, or Goodier's, or the most recent one by Franz Michel Willam. These lives have the advantage of giving the whole setting of the narrative, and making it a single, unified, connected story — the most fascinating in the world.

However if these larger accounts are not available (and even, perhaps, where they are), it would be still more profitable and at the same times easier to read the Life of Christ as it is simply related in the four Gospels. There the inspired words of the very companions of Jesus draw a picture of Him that impresses itself indelibly upon the mind and heart.

The task need not be a laborious one. In all, the four Gospels have 89 chapters. There are 46 days in Lent, including the Sundays, and so by reading two chapters of the Gospels a day (a task requiring less than ten minutes) anyone could read them all during the holy season. Or by reading four chapters a day, the Gospels could be read twice during

Lent — an even better suggestion, because the second reading always brings out more intimate lessons than the first.

Thus in their own way may Christians supplement the efforts of the Church to have them "walk with the Saviour" during the Holy Season. While walking in spirit with the Saviour, we shall not feel penance and fasting as a burden, nor prayer as a hardship. Lent will be sweet companionship with the friend from whom all friendship flows.

RETURN TO THE PAST

Bob-sledding is beginning to take its place on the sport pages of the newspapers as one of the major winter sports for all classes of people. Last year, according to the *New York Times*, more than 6,000 persons rode the great slide constructed near Lake Placid.

Time was when every sloping street of a city and every hillside of a village was a bob-slide in winter, and the sport belonged preeminently to children and a few child-like adults. Then the automobile came in, and while adults rode and made the streets unsafe, children were forbidden to indulge in one of the grandest of winter sports.

Now the world goes back once more, back to something it had passed by and taken even out of the lives of its children. It is a healthy sign, as everything that leads back to simple joys is healthy in these days of complexity and sophistication.

We rise to move for the return of bob-sledding to every city in the land. Let hills in the hearts of cities be made sacred to this sport, even though they cut out traffic on arterial drives. Let children scream with delight as they go sailing down these hills, and develop their muscles as they climb back to the top in the invigorating winter air. Let adults close their night-clubs and taverns and get out on the hills, where they will find a kind of joy they never dreamed of — in the amusements of a child!

THIS NEW FREEDOM

It seems most difficult for the world to learn lessons from its own mistakes and failures. It so easily forgets its experiences of yesterday and last year and a few centuries ago. It breaks its own neck trying out new-fangled schemes for the attainment of happiness, and its children turn from the grave of their parents to try the same schemes all over again.

The demand for unrestrained liberty is one of those constantly recurring campaign slogans of the world. Today it is louder than ever — demanding liberty from dogma, liberty from morals, liberty from economic restraint, — though the same cries have fathered more social catastrophes and revolutions and individual calamities than any other principle proposed by the fallen nature of man.

The whole point against the principle was clearly made by the great writer John Ruskin many years ago. Liberty champions of today should ponder his words:

"I have hardly patience to hold my pen and go on writing, as I remember the infinite follies of modern thought in this matter, centered in the notion that liberty is good for a man, irrespective of the use he is likely to make of it. Folly unfathomable! unspeakable! unendurable to look in the full face of, as the laugh of a cretin. You will send your child, will you, into a room where the table is loaded with sweet wine and fruit, some poisoned, some not — you will say to him, 'choose freely, my little child! It is so good for you to have freedom of choice: it forms your character, your individuality! If you take the wrong cup or the wrong berry, you will die before the day is over, but you will have acquired the dignity of a free child!'"

FOUR FINGERS AND ONE THUMB

The first fact about a self-made man is the fact that a mother went down to the gates of death that he might be born.

He come with all human history beating in his veins.

Then he is fed on foods which other hands have harvested; wears clothes which other hands have woven; walks down streets which other men have built; is protected by laws which other men have drafted; uses language which many a "mute, inglorious Milton" has wrought until it rings like steel and shines like cloth of gold; breathes liberties which many a martyr has died to purchase.

There is always something given to a man's hand, says Robert Louis Stevenson, "even if it be only four fingers and one thumb."

Dr. Joseph Parker made the final retort to one who came and described himself as a self-made man. "Sir," Dr. Parker answered, "Sir, you relieve the Lord of a great responsibility." *World Digest.*

❖-----LIGUORIANA-----❖

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

CONSOLATIONS OF THE PASSION

The Lover of souls, our most loving Redeemer, declared that he

had no other motives in coming down upon earth to become man, than to enkindle in the

hearts of men the fire of his holy love; "I come to cast fire on earth; and what will I but that it be kindled?" And, oh, what beautiful flames of love has he not enkindled in so many souls, especially by the pains that he chose to suffer in his death, in order to prove to us the immeasurable love which he still bears to us. Oh, how many souls, happy in the wounds of Jesus, as in burning furnaces of love, have been so inflamed with his love, that they have not refused to consecrate to him their goods, their lives, and their whole selves, surmounting with great courage all the difficulties which they had to encounter in the observance of the divine law, for the love of that Lord who, being God, chose to suffer so much for the love of them. This was just the counsel that the Apostle gave us, in order that we might not fail, but make great advances in the way of salvation: "Think diligently on him who endureth such opposition from sinners against Himself, that you be not wearied, fainting in your minds."

Wherefore St. Augustine, all inflamed with love at the sight of Jesus nailed on the cross, prayed thus sweetly: Imprint, O Lord, thy wounds in my heart, that I may endure for thee all sufferings and thy love. Let me keep before my eyes, O my God, the great suf-

ferings that thou didst endure for me. Let me bear in silence all the sufferings that fall to my lot, that I may never love or be able to love any other but thee.

And from what source did the saints draw courage and strength to suffer torments, martyrdom and death, if not from the sufferings of Jesus crucified? St. Joseph of Leonissa, a Capuchin, on seeing that they were about to bind him with cords for a painful incision which the surgeon was to make on his body, took his crucifix into his hands and said: "Why these cords? Why these cords? Behold, these chains—my Saviour nailed to the cross for love of me. He constrains me, through his sufferings to bear every trial for his sake. And thus he suffered the amputation without complaint; looking upon Jesus who, 'as a lamb before his shearers, was dumb, and did not open his mouth.' Who then, can ever complain that he suffers wrongfully, when he considers Jesus who was bruised for our sins?" Who can refuse to obey, on account of some inconvenience, when Jesus became obedient unto death? Who can refuse ignominies, when they behold Jesus treated as a fool, as a mock king, as a disorderly person; truck, spat upon and suspended upon an ignominious gibbet?

If the love of God does not go so far as to obtain the mastery over our own will, we shall never attain to being Saints; and the means for acquiring this ruling love is devout prayer.

Book Reviews

FOR LENT

Lent and the Mass.

By Rev. John J. Burke, C.S.P., S.T.D.
Published by Benziger.
154 pages. Price, \$1.50.

This book is the current choice of the Spiritual Book Associates. It consists of short meditations for every day of the Lenten season, inspired by the Liturgy of the daily Mass. The author quite happily adopts the solid, emotionally smooth tones of Scriptural and liturgical language into his own style. Here are presented the great fundamentals of Christian teaching: the love of God for man, man's need of penance, the sacrifice of the Son of God, and the elevation of man; these truths are laid before the reader in their simple but overwhelming reality; they need no sparkling embellishment of human genius to gain appeal. One might wish that the author had designated his source of inspiration in the daily Lenten Mass more clearly: those unacquainted with the Liturgy will wonder why the book is called "Lent and the Mass." This however, will be no obstacle to the gathering of spiritual profit from its reading.—*D. F. M.*

The Fullness of Christ. By Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen. Published by Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Ind. 168 pages. Price, 60 cents.

Here are printed the Catholic Hour lectures delivered by Msgr. Sheen from Christmas, 1934 to Easter, 1935. We have heard that the letters received by the National Council of Catholic Men in response to these talks far outnumbered those of any other series,—an evident sign that they awakened widespread interest. Through them the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ is presented in all its beauty and its elevating practical implications, and many frequent questions of Catholic and non-Catholics are clearly answered. The course includes Msgr. Sheen's Holy Week and Easter addresses, appropriate reading matter for the current season, and stimulating studies for priests and preachers.—*D. F. M.*

The Three Hour Agony of Our Lord

Books reviewed here may be ordered through The Liguorian. These comments represent the honest opinions of the reviewers, with neither criticism nor deserving praise withheld.

Jesus Christ. By Rev. John A. Elbert, S.M. Published by Bruce, Milwaukee. 123 pages. Price, 75 cents.

To the growing list of works on the seven last words of Christ on the cross, this book is

by no means a superfluous addition. In smooth and flowing English, readily adapted as well to oratory as to meditation, the author presents many splendidly worked out thoughts drawn from the well known texts. It is especially to be noted that he does not allow himself to wander from his subject or from the spirit of the solemn occasion for which he has written. An introductory talk, and a conclusion are valuable additions.—*D. F. M.*

SAINTS

Meet Brother Martin. The Life of Blessed Martin de Porres, Sainly American Negro. Adapted from the French by Norbert Georges, O.P. Edited by the Torch, 141 E. 65th St., New York City. 63 pages. Price, 30 cents.

Blessed Martin was born in Lima, Peru, on December 9th, 1579. His father was a Spaniard, his mother a freed negress. When Martin was twenty two years old he became a Dominican Tertiary and nine years later through obedience he took his vows as a Dominican brother of the first order. He died a saintly death on Nov. 3rd, 1639. After many delays he was beatified on Oct. 29th, 1837. This booklet tells the wonderful story of a humble negro lay-brother whose heart-warming charity for his fellow men induced God to perform countless miracles in their behalf. According to trustworthy accounts, on record for the process of his canonization, he was seen in China, Japan, France and Mexico, though he never left his native country. The story of his life will convince the world once more that a life full of ordinary deeds well done is a thing of beauty in the sight of God.—*E. A. M.*

Sunshine and Saints. By Daisy H. Mosely. Published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons. 181 pages. Illustrated by Da Osimo. Price, \$1.50.

The very title of this book announces the praiseworthy aim of the author, viz., to present the lives of the saints with the brightness and appeal that their lives truly displayed. The book, as the jacket says, is for children above ten, but that should not be taken to exclude any age by weight of years. The lives of ten saints are told: St. Francis of Assisi, St. Catherine of Siena, St. Joan of Arc, St. Philip Neri, St. Theresa of Avila, St. Francis de Sales, St. Vincent de Paul, St. Isaac Jogues, St. Bernadette of Lourdes, and St. Therese of Lisieux. Each one is told from the scene of the saint's activities by one on a journey with two young people, therefore with interesting local background. The publishers have seconded the worthy efforts of the author in making a large, bright, handsome volume of the book, with etched illustrations in accord by Da Osimo. We agree with them that it will make a splendid gift.—D. F. M.

THE BIBLE

The First English Printed Protestant Bible and its Significance. By John M. Lenhart, O. M. Cap. Published by the Central Bureau Press, St. Louis, Mo. 54 pages. Price: 25 cents; \$2.25 a dozen.

This little brochure, Historical Brochure No. IV of the Central Bureau Publications, is a very interesting and a very enlightening one. It tells the remarkable story of the alternate positive opposition of the English government of Reformation times against the publishing and reading of the English Bible and the violent forcing of it later upon an entire nation contrary to the consciences of millions. A most interesting sidelight of history is brought to view in the course of the development of the theme. The author shows by many quotations from authoritative and prejudiced non-Catholic sources that Martin Luther and the reformers in different nations had absolutely nothing to do with the spread of the knowledge of the Bible. The people of the different countries knew the Latin Bible and loved it before there was a thought of vernacular bibles and for a century after the printing of the latter, the Latin Bible was quite generally preferred.—E. A. M.

The Life of Jesus Christ in the Land of Israel and Among Its People. By Dr. Franz Michel Willam. Translated and adapted into English from the Fourth Revised and Enlarged German Edition. Edited by Rev. Newton Thompson,

S.T.D. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. 488 pages. Price, net \$4.00.

This book should be a welcome addition to any library. It is just what we have been waiting for, a life of Our Lord for the general reader who wishes to be sure that what he is reading is based on fact and solid proof without being forced to interrupt his reading and digest the cumbersome footnotes that clutter the pages of the more scientifically written lives of Jesus.

Dr. Willam's book is written in such a way that the story of the life of Our Saviour runs along smoothly without any interruptions and yet all the opinions have been sifted and weighed and the more common ones chosen as the basis of the narrative.

The story is told in a most interesting fashion, the parables and references to the customs, lives, homes, of the people of Our Lord's time are explained in such a way as to make the story clear and intelligible and living.

Perhaps the author has treated the beautiful poem-song of Our Blessed Lady, the Magnificat, in a rather negligent fashion. The Holy Ghost is not given enough credit as the Author of the song. But the reverent treatment of the whole story of the life of Jesus may excuse this one slip.

We recommend the book highly to all classes of readers.—E. A. M.

PAMPHLETS

Everybody's Talking About Heaven. By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Published by The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo.—A 36 page pamphlet. Price, 10 cents.

"Funny," pursued Gert (one of the characters), "but priests never seem to preach about heaven. Hell? Oh, yes. We get hell in every mission. Death? How many sermons have you heard telling you how you will feel when you are on your deathbed . . . Purgatory we get all through November. So death, hell and purgatory are well taken care of, thank you. But heaven?"—Well, it seems to me, Father Lord takes pretty good care of heaven in this pamphlet.

—A. T. Z.

The Queen of Seven Swords. By Rev. Dr. Fulton J. Sheen.

This is the address delivered on Good Friday, March 30th, 1934, in the Catholic Hour, on the Sorrows of the Blessed Mother. Its thoughts are especially apt for meditation, and the prayers affixed to each part are of rare beauty.



Catholic Events



Persons:

His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, began the 15th year of his pontificate on February 12th. False rumors to the effect that the Pope had been confined to his bed from illness were explicitly denied at the Vatican. The regular daily routine of the Holy Father is being carried out as usual.

The Rev. Wm. L. Adrian, pastor of St. Bridget's Church, Victor, Iowa, has been appointed bishop of Nashville, Tennessee, to succeed the Most Rev. Aphonse J. Smith who died a few days before Christmas. Until 1935 Bishop-elect Adrian served on the faculty of St. Ambrose College and Academy in Davenport. He is the first native of the diocese of Davenport to be raised to the episcopacy.

Dr. John J. Sherry, world-war veteran and former member of the medical staff at Lourdes, has joined the staff of the Sunwui leper settlement in China. "I wish," said Dr. Sherry, announcing his intention, "to end my life where I can do the most good." The Sunwui leper settlement was founded only two years ago in an abandoned cemetery in the Vicariate of the Maryknoll Fathers, and since then has grown to be the second largest leper colony in Southern China. It harbors about 250 lepers.

Dr. Edward Benes, former foreign minister of Czecho-Slovakia and a Catholic, has been elected to the presidency of his country by an overwhelming majority. His candidacy was supported by former President Masaryk, who had resigned, and all members of the coalition. Dr. Benes was responsible for the recent agreement between Czecho-Slovakia and the Vatican, and has been influential in concluding European treaties with several nations. He held office of Chairman of the Assembly of the League of Nations.

Senator Gerald P. Nye, of North Dakota, has been given the 1935 Cardinal Newman Award bestowed annually by the Newman Foundation of the University of Illinois. The honor is bestowed "for his distinguished public service and especially for his efforts to prevent war." Senator Norris of Nebraska and former Secretary of State Frank B. Kellogg have been previous recipients of the award.

The Catholic Theatre Movement of New York has inaugurated the practice of publishing a classification of all stage plays in New York, to supplement the classification of motion pictures by the Legion of Decency. For a long time the Movement has been publishing a white list, but it is thought necessary to list plays that are condemned. There will be three sections of the list: Class A—unobjectionable; Class B—objectionable in part; Class C—condemned. Only 6 current plays in New York go on the Class A list; 12 in Class B; 5 in Class C.

The New York Evidence Guild has broadcast more than 400 programs over different radio stations during the past four years. The material broadcast in explanation of Catholic faith is available to other groups throughout the country who wish to use it for spreading a knowledge of Catholicism.

A Benedictine Monastery for Negroes has been proposed by the Rev. Jerome Merwick, C.S.B., of the Sociology department of St. Benedict's College, Atchison,

Kansas. The proposal is made in an article entitled "The Challenge of the Negro," appearing in the Bulletin of the National Benedictine Educational Association. He shows that the negro temperament is well adapted to the Benedictine mode of life.

The body of Father Damien, saintly martyr to the lepers of Molokai, has been disinterred from its resting place at Kalowao and carried in the United States Transport Republic first to San Francisco, where a great ceremony in honor of the martyr was held, and thence to Panama, where it was placed on the Belgian ship *Mercator* to be taken to Belgium. It will be enshrined permanently in Belgium.

The Medical Mission Board of New York City sent out during the past year medical supplies to the following countries: Alaska, Africa, British Honduras, British West Indies, China, Canada, Egypt, India, Japan, Korea, Mesopotamia, New Guinea, Porto Rico, the Philippine Islands, the South Sea Islands, and many parts of the United States. A total of 36,311 lbs. of supplies were sent out, including 118,128 ounces of medicines, 230,112 yards of gauze and compresses, 355,500 feet of one-inch bandages, 2,950 pieces of clothing, 2,466 surgical instruments, nearly 500,000 medical tablets. The Catholic Medical Mission Board has its headquarters at 8 and 10 W. 17 St., New York City; medical supplies for the missions may be sent there.

Places:

In *Hawaii*, approximately 3,000 boys and men marched through the streets of Honolulu, in a great Holy Name rally. Over 1,000 of the marchers were United States soldiers and sailors in uniform who are stationed in Hawaii. The parade ended at the Honolulu stadium, where 10,000 spectators knelt during Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

In *North Porto Rico*, Catholic Action was organized for the diocese of San Juan, the oldest See under the American flag, at a rally in which 10,000 men participated. The Most Rev. Aloysius J. Willinger, C.Ss.R., Bishop of Ponce, officiated at the Mass, and the Most Rev. Edwin V. Byrne, Bishop of San Juan, preached the opening sermon of the organization.

Wallis and Futuna are islands in the Southern Pacific Ocean, with a total population of 6,000, that have been entirely converted to the Catholic Faith. Blessed Peter Mary Chanel, S.M., was martyred on Futuna in 1841 without having made a dozen converts, but a few months later the inhabitants sent for missionaries and in a short time all were converted. Two Marist missionaries converted the entire island of Wallis. Recently the two islands were made a distant Vicariate Apostolic because of their isolation.

In the *United States*, there are 356 complete and independent Catholic Schools of Nursing, according to the annual survey made by the Catholic Hospital Association, with 19,452 student nurses enrolled. In Canada there are 76 such schools, with 3,684 enrolled.

In *Alaska*, a Catholic newspaper has been established during the past year, called the *Alaska Catholic*. It is published as the official organ of the vast Vicariate of Alaska under the approbation and supervision of Bishop Crimont and a board of directors.

In *India*, Margaret Sanger, American campaigner for the spread of birth-prevention, has met with a discouraging reception. In Calcutta, while giving an address in Albert Hall, she was roundly heckled and forced to admit many evils of birth-prevention. Disturbances in the hall had to be quelled by police.

L u c i d I n t e r v a l s

The manager of the big department store stood stock-still outside the little box-like chamber which held the telephone of the establishment, for he was a very startled manager indeed. Within the chamber he could hear Miss Jones, the stenographer, speaking, and this is a scrap of the conversation the startled man overheard:

"I love you, dear, and only you. I'm weeping my heart away. Yes, my darling, speak to me once more. I love you, dear, I love you so."

The young woman rang off and stepped out of the cabinet, to confront the angry manager.

"Miss Jones," he said, "that telephone has been fixed where it is for the purpose of convenience in conducting business, and not for love-making in office hours. I am surprised at you. Don't let it occur again."

The young woman froze him with a glance.

"I was ordering some new songs for No. 4 Department," she explained, icily.

*

Ephraim, the negro horse trainer, was seated, reading a letter, with Lige standing behind him holding his hands over Eph's ears.

Horseman (noticing them): "What kind of horseplay are you fellows up to?"

Ephraim: "Lige got dis yere letter dat his gal writ him, boss, but he kain't read, so he gets me to read it fo' him, but stops mah ears up so I kain't hear what his gal done writ him."

*

Bystander: "Now you are all right, Buddy. How did you come to fall in the lake?"

Buddy: "I didn't come to fall in—I came to fish."

*

Traffic cop: "Use your noodle, lady!"

Lady: "My goodness! Where is it? I've pushed and pulled everything in the car!"

*

"What's your horse named?"

"He's named Regulator."

"Why?"

"All the other horses go by him."

The youngster cuddled snugly under the blanket.

"All right, grandma," he piped. "I'm ready for my bedtime story."

Grandma patted the tot's head.

"Very well, dear," she began softly. "Tonight I'm going to tell you the story of the traveling salesman who—"

The child began to laugh uproariously. Grandma was surprised.

"Here, my little man," she asked. "What are you laughing at?"

The youngster gave out another hearty guffaw.

"That," he chuckled, "reminds me of one!" . . .

*

The bum approached the top-hatted gentleman.

"Mister," he said, "I need a friend bad. Could you lend me a hundred bucks?"

The gentleman was startled.

"Lend you a hundred bucks!" he echoed. "Why, sir, that's ridiculous. I don't even know you."

The bum stuck out his paw.

"Beg pardon," he apologized. "My name is Smith." . . .

*

"If that crooner sings to you again, I'll make him pay the same way he sings."

"How do you mean?"

"Through the nose."

*

"T'sh 'fraid t' go home. Wife shmell me breath."

"Hold ya breath."

"Can't; 'stoo strong."

*

A small boy, leading a donkey, passed by an army camp. A couple of soldiers wanted to have some fun with the lad.

"What are you holding on to your brother so tight for, sonny?" said one of them.

"So he won't join the army," the youngest replied without blinking an eye.

*

"I can hardly hold my eyes open."

"How do you expect to with your hands in your pockets."



Redemptorist Scholarships

A Redemptorist scholarship or burse is a fund of \$5,000 whose interest serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary forever. Below is the list of incomplete Burses. Sums large or small may be given, and each donor is included in the daily Masses, Holy Communions and special prayers offered up by all Redemptorist students.

Supporting candidates for the priesthood has always been a favorite work among Catholics.

By this, families in which none has received an actual vocation may adopt a priest as their own.

By this, they make themselves sharers in all the labors of the priest whom they have aided.

By this they take an active part in perpetuating the Church of Christ.

Married Ladies Burse, St. Louis (Rock Church)	\$2,718.52	
Sodality Member	5.00	\$2,723.52
Ven. Bishop Neumann Burse....	4,550.00	
F. R. W.....	5.00	4,555.00
Sacred Heart Promoters' Burse...	4,538.57	
League Promoters of the Rock Church	60.00	4,598.57
St. Joseph's Burse.....		1,711.00
St. Francis Assisi Burse.....		2,907.50
Little Flower Burse.....		2,994.50
St. Anne's Burse.....		657.00
St. Jude's Burse.....		265.00
St. Rita's Burse.....		512.00
St. Thomas Apostle Burse.....		211.00
St. Gerard's Burse.....		533.00
St. Peter's Burse.....		247.25
Holy Family Burse.....		27.50
St. Anthony's Burse.....		405.00
Mary Gockel Burse.....		12.00
Rev. Nicholas Franzen, C.Ss.R., Memorial Burse		1,112.73
Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse	950.94	
In Thanksgiving	7.00	957.94
St. Alphonsus Burse.....	100.00	
Donation per F. X. M.....	10.00	
Anonymous	24.00	134.00
Holy Redeemer Burse.....		500.00

Motion Picture Guide

THE PLEDGE: *I condemn indecent and immoral motion pictures, and those which glorify crime or criminals. I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion and to unite with all who protest against them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life. As a member of the Legion of Decency, I pledge myself to remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy.*

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

A Thousand a Minute	I'll Love You Always	Rescue Squad
Annie Oakley	In Person	The Return of Jimmy Valentine
Atlantic Adventurer	It's a Great Life	Rhodes, Empire Builder
Bad Boy	Ivory Handled Guns	Rose Marie
Bar 20 Rides Again	The Kid Ranger	Rose of the Rancho
Beauty's Daughter	The Lady in Scarlet	Sans Famille
Between Men	Last Days of Pompeii	The Sage Brush Troubadour
Big Broadcast of 1936	Last of the Clintons	Scrooge
Bohemian Girl	The Last Outpost	Seven Keys to Baldpate
Bulldog Courage	Lawless Riders	She Couldn't Take It
Burning Gold	The Life of Louis Pasteur	Silver Spurs
The Calling of Dan Matthews	The Littlest Rebel	The Singing Vagabond
Captain Blood	Live Wire	Skull and Crown
The Case of Missing Man	The Lone Wolf Returns	So Red the Rose
Charlie Chan's Secret	Love Me Forever	The Spanish Cape Mystery
Chatterbox	The Man on the Flying	Stars Over Broadway
Cheers of the Crowd	Trapeze	Steamboat Round the Bend
Collegiate	Man of Steel	Stormy
Dance Band	Maria Chapdelaine	Storm Over the Andes
Danger Ahead	Men of the Hour	Tale of Two Cities
Danger Trail	Midsummer Night's Dream	Thanks a Million
Der Adjutant seiner Hohheit	The Milky Way	Three Kids and a Queen
Der Himmel Auf Erden	Millions in the Air	Three Live Ghosts
Der Vetter	Miss Pacific Fleet	Three Musketeers
Drei Kaiserjager	Mister Hobo	The Throwback
Drift Fence	Modern Times	Timothy's Quest
East of Java	Moonlight on the Prairie	To Beat the Band
Every Saturday Night	Music Is Magic	Too Tough to Kill
Little America	Mutiny on the Bounty	Tough Guy
The Face in the Fog	Mysterious Avenger	Transatlantic Tunnel
Fang and Claw	The Mystery of Notre Dame	Trail of Terror
Fast Bullets	My Marriage	Two for Tonight
Fighting Youth	Nevada	Two in the Dark
Forced Landing	The Night Is Young	The Unknown Woman
Freshman Love	The Officers' Mess	The Valley of the Lawless
Gallant Defender	Old Man Rhythm	The Valley of Wanted Men
Gentle Julia	Once in a Blue Moon	The Voice of Bugle Ann
The Ghost Goes West	O'Shaughnessy's Boy	Warfare
The Great Impersonation	Paddy O'Day	Western Courage
Harmony Lane	Paradise Canyon	Whispering Smith Speaks
The Healer	Pasteur (French Version)	Wings Over Ethiopia
Her Master's Voice	Personal Maid's Secret	Woman Trap
Here's to Romance	The Prisoner of Shark Island	You May Be Next
His Night Out	Professional Soldier	Your Uncle Dudley
Hitch Hike Lady	Racing Luck	Yellow Dust
I Dream Too Much	Red Blood of Courage	Zlata Katrina
I Live for Love	Rendezvous	